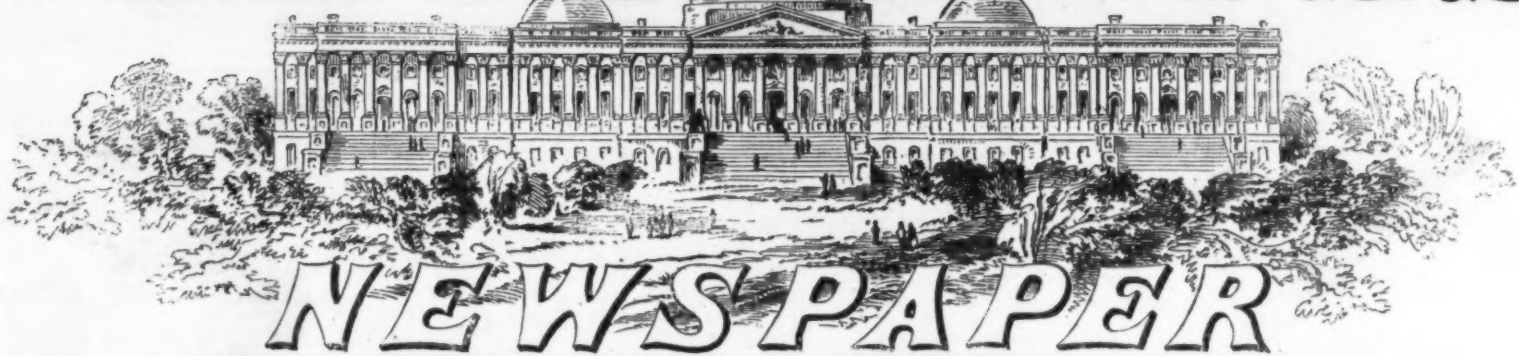


# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 441—Vol. XVII.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 12, 1864.

[PRICE 8 CENTS]

### THE SANITARY FAIR BROOKLYN.

THE Brooklyn and Long Island Fair, to which we alluded in our last, on giving an illustration of the place where it is held, the Academy of Music, opened as announced, and has since been visited by immense crowds.

The street in front of the Academy was each day packed and jammed, mainly with women and children, all day long, who worried and crowded to get into the main building, while many who had got in, after edging their way about for an hour or more without catching more than a passing glimpse of the articles on exhibition, were glad to get out.

In the evening, every portion of the Fair was crowded worse than during the day. The Auditorium, the New England Kitchen, the Manufacturers' Department, Knickerbocker Hall and the Taylor House were filled to overflowing, and so dense was the throng that the Managers ordered the gate to be closed at 8:40 o'clock, after which no one was admitted either with or without a season ticket.

Everybody seemed to be in the best possible humor



Gran'ma Downing, Patience her Daughter, Gran'ma Mayflower, Deborah, and Aunt Tabitha.

THE NEW ENGLAND KITCHEN SPINNERS, AT THE BROOKLYN SANITARY FAIR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. E. JAMES.

—old "gentlemen" smile d though grimly—when their favorite corns were trodden upon, and the ladies didn't seem to mind in the least having the gathers torn out of their dresses.

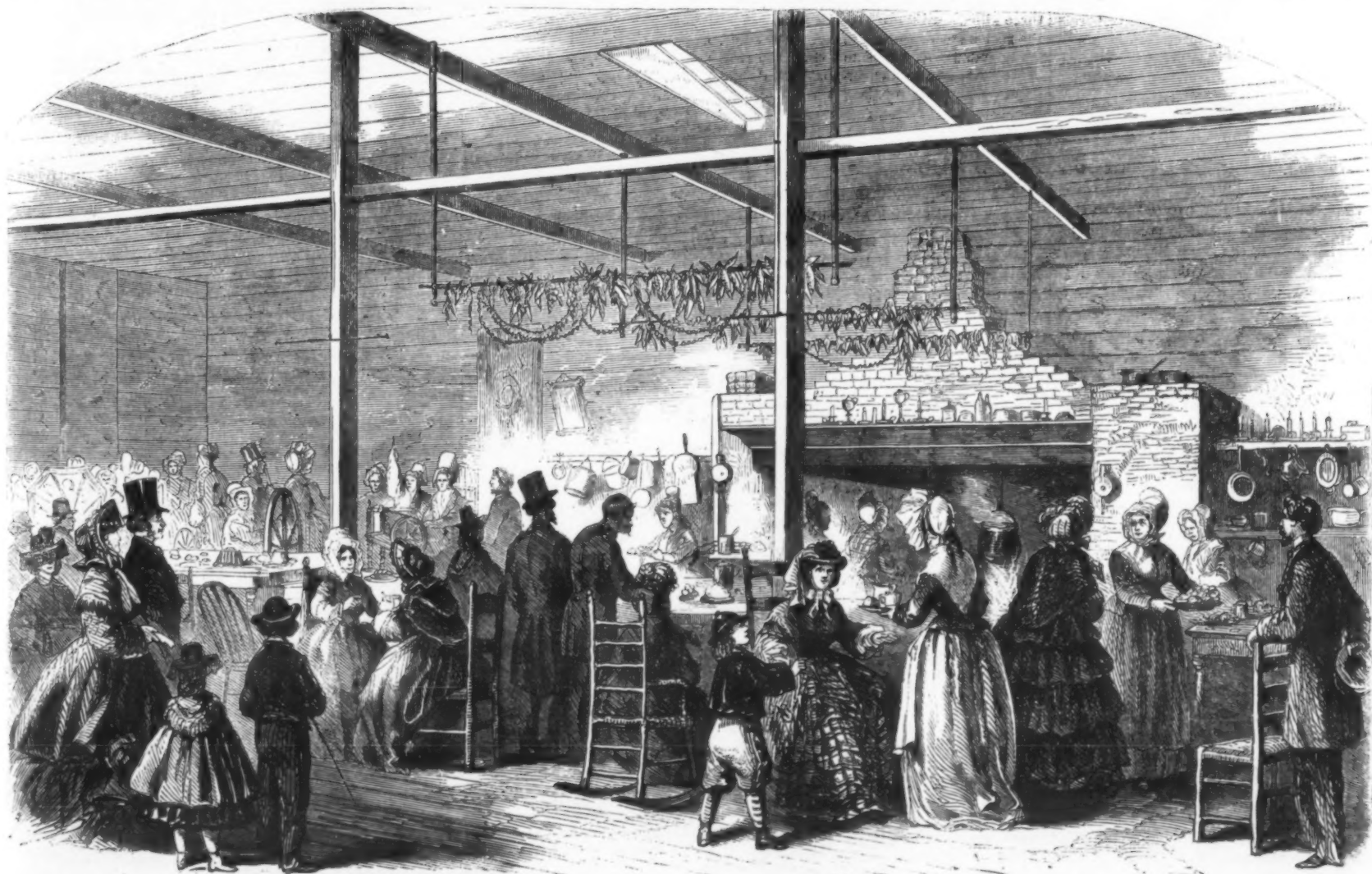
The vast throng surged backward and forward, now and then coming to a general standstill, when some little parties halted in front of the tables to buy various articles that had attracted their attention.

The ladies in charge of the stands were continually wreathed in their sweetest of smiles, and their gentle entreaties to the passers-by resulted in the transfer of many greenbacks from the portemonnaies and nest pockets of the latter to the little treasury boxes provided by the management, and in charge of the former.

Among the visitors were many New-Yorkers, and hundreds of people from the Long Island towns.

A concert is given at the New-England Kitchen in the evening by a dozen or more of the Old Folks, when several hymns, old ballads, and other pieces were sung, much to the delight and gratification of the assemblage.

The success of the enterprise may be inferred from the fact that in two days the receipts for tickets were



THE SANITARY FAIR AT BROOKLYN—THE NEW ENGLAND KITCHEN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

The debut of *Mlle. H. H. H.* was the second sensation, and we are glad to say it was a pleasurable one. The character she undertook, Lucia, in "*Lucia di Lammermoor*," was the most favorable one she could have chosen, when her physique is considered. She is a small but graceful figure; her face is oval, her hair dark and her eyes blue. Her expression is that of childish simplicity, with nothing of grandeur or strong passions; and we doubt if her face has sufficient mobility for the expression of anything beyond mere grief. Her voice is of considerable compass, the higher notes being clear and ringing, and completely under her control. In quality it is pleasing, but it is

Daly, has made a great hit at the Olympic Theatre, and will be repeated every night until further notice. Miss Rich, with her English Opera company, takes possession of Niblo's Garden this week, and produces Adolph Adami's charming opera, "The Postilion of Lonjumeau." One feature of great interest will be the appearance of the son of Edward Seear, who is said to be a singer of rare excellence. Barnum's Museum is full of attractions this week, and the new drama performed in the Lecture Room is not the least of the attractions, for it has made a decided hit.

## BOOK NOTICES.

POEMS. BY HENRY PETERSON. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.

A volume gotten up in Lippincott's best style, on luxurious tinted paper, the whole tone of the book predisposing one in favor of its contents. The poetry is good throughout, but particularly so where patriotism is the theme, as in the stanzas "Lyons," "Cavalry Song," "After the Battle," and "The Soldier's Story." In a different vein, but equally meritorious, is "Only a Woman's Hair." The book closes with a more pretentious and lengthy poem of over an hundred pages, entitled "The Rivals," and one of the earliest and happiest efforts of the author.

## EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Gold remains at an average of 150.

The *Tribune* says that the Treasurer of the Brooklyn Long Island Sanitary Fair had in hand on the evening of the 25th of Feb. \$140,000.

The Connecticut Democratic State Convention have nominated Judge O. S. Seymour as their candidate for Governor.

The Union National Convention will meet at Baltimore on the 7th of June.

The British Commissioner at Halifax has decided that, even if there was a rebel commission authorizing the man named Parker to undertake a hostile enterprise, it did not allow him to authorize others, and as others had planned the affair and executed it, only bringing in Parker with his commission after the crime was committed, there was no protection in his commission for them.

A delegation of New York Republican politicians are in Washington, to urge upon the President the removal of Collector Barney.

The House Committee on Commerce will, it is said, undoubtedly report in favor of the abrogation of the Reciprocity treaty.

The entire police force of St. Paul, Minnesota, has been removed by the mayor for general neglect of duty.

A "Citizens' Association" has been organized in this city for the purpose of taking the nominations for municipal offices out of the hands of primary electors and selecting candidates whom it may esteem worthy.

The increase of crimes against the person in New York and other large cities has attracted the attention of most reflecting citizens. During the first year of the war the diminution of these very offences was remarked by all, and attributed to the fact that the greater part of the rowdy population had gone to the war. The conduct of the returned soldiers is an exception, that it would be unjust to attribute any part of the present outrages to them; they are committed chiefly by deserters, who, attracted by the large bounties, enlisted, but who, unable to endure the discipline of a regiment, took the first opportunity to run away.

Gen. Butler has issued an order placing the churches and chapels of his Department under the control of the Provost Marshal. This is to drive from the pulpit all disloyal clergymen. It has caused considerable excitement in ecclesiastical circles. Butler's order is founded upon one issued by Stanton, Nov. 30, 1863.

Recruiting has proceeded during the last three weeks at the rate of about 360 per day.

The Germans comprise, according to the last census, 4.14 per cent. of the total population of the United States. Wisconsin embraces the largest number of any of the States—15.97 per cent. and Maine the smallest—0.06 per cent. Only 7.50 of the population of Missouri are Germans.

The Government have put off the conscription practically, till the 1st of April, by providing that bounties shall be paid to that time. Gen. Schenck, Chairman of Military Committee in the House, has so stated.

The House Naval Committee will visit New London, Conn., next week, to examine the harbor with reference to its adaptability as the site of a Navy Yard.

The subject of a modification of the revenue laws is still in the hands of a sub-committee of the Committee of Ways and Means. A separate bill may be prepared, altering the duties on tobacco.

The enormous rise in rents in New York has driven many families to the suburban cities of Williamsburg, Brooklyn and Hoboken. The latter is especially a favorite place, chiefly on account of its pleasant walks and freedom from overcrowding. This is mainly owing to the excellent administration of justice, which is fearless and prompt. Judges Foster and Pope are great conservators of the peace there—especially Judge Pope, who makes no distinction between the wealthy and the poor; he is a terror to evildoers, both native and foreign. Much also is due to the quiet character of the population, which is mainly German.

Western.—A Dr. Adolph, who arrived in Cincinnati from Europe three years ago, and represented himself as having been a private tutor in Lord John Russell's family, has, it is alleged, been swindling the people of this city by means of forged bills of exchange, &c., to a large amount. He opened a school in Cincinnati, and, having a fine education and good address, gained the confidence of the people generally. He is supposed to have escaped to Europe.

A soldier writes from Chattanooga of an incident that occurred there on Sept. 6. "We were marching long, at a 'route step,' with our colors folded and in their black cases, when we perceived about a dozen of the fair sex in one of these everlasting Southern porticoes, watching us as we passed. We had got nearly by when one of the young ladies stepped out to the front and said: 'Boys, we want to see the old flag.' Oh, such shouts as went up, the men took step, hats without number went into the air, and the march lasted for a good hour, and the women all cried."

Personal.—Gen. Rosecrans is busy systematizing the military organization of Missouri, and is about to make a complete tour of the State for that purpose.

Gov. Stone, of Iowa, issues a proclamation prohibiting persons liable to the draft leaving the State. There were indications of an extensive stampede to Idaho.

Miss Henrietta Sulzer and Signor Hauffel Riehl were married by Mayor Gaither on the 22d of Feb.

Senator Yulee, although an active conspirator against the Union in the closing part of Buchanan's term, has no office or office as a commissioner during the war; he can consequently claim exemption under Lincoln's amnesty.

Gen. Sigel has been once more placed in active command. Western Virginia have been assigned to him.

The New Orleans *Free Press*, in describing one of the orators at a Free State meeting there, says: "Certain Jones possesses by hereditary descent and the

special gift of Providence, or from constant exercise, a most powerful pair of lungs—if indeed he is limited to a single pair—and has the voice of a tenor, with no regard to its legitimate use; and on this occasion, when he got fairly warmed up by whatever it might have been—he spoke so loud it was quite impossible to hear him."

Dr. Huxley, of Goshen, Conn., received a week or two ago a telegram message, saying that he son, of the 2d Conn. Artillery, was "as more." He immediately left to procure his son's body, but found him alive and recovering, the dispatch having been written "no worse." The excitement and reaction had such an effect upon the doctor, that he fell sick and died four days thereafter.

Obituary.—The London correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "There are many in America who will read with regret the death of Miss Adelaide Anna Proctor, a poetess of much merit, the daughter of the poet Proctor, who is no better than almost exclusively known as Barry Cornwall, some of whose lyrics have a worldwide fame. Miss Proctor died of consumption, at the age of 30. She was a devoted Roman Catholic, and most of her poems of late years have been of a religious character." The most popular of all her poems is the "Question Your Heart for Me to-night."

The correspondent of the *Independence Belge* says: "The country has just lost the Marquis Barolo Colbert, at the age of over 80. The marquis, whose husband was Sardinian Ambassador to the Court of Napoleon I., was herself formerly reader to the Empress Josephine. She was a descendant of the family of the Great Colbert. Her immense fortune was almost entirely devoted to works of benevolence. Thus she founded a refuge for young women; it was also she who received Silvio Pellico on his leaving the prison of Spielberg, and who, in order not to humiliate him, appointed him her librarian. Her influence was visible in his later writings, and gave to them the ultra-religious character, which is principally displayed in the tragedy of 'Tommaso Moro.' Mme. Barolo Colbert is said to have left a fortune of more than 8,000,000 francs to the poor, and to have named Prince Humbert as her executor."

Major-General Randall, New York State Militia, died at Buffalo, Feb. 25th.

Accidents and Offences.—Major Stoms, of Cincinnati, has been found guilty of committing an outrage on the person of Miss Jolly. In consequence of the high social position of both parties, the trial occasioned the greatest interest.

Five large ice houses at Fresh Pond, Cambridge, Mass., were destroyed by incendiary fire on Wednesday evening. They were owned by Russell, Hethinger & Co. and contained 100,000 tons of ice, most of which will be lost.

Nearly a year ago, or on March 12, 1863, a saloon-keeper, named Andrew Doherty, No. 314 Grand street, Brooklyn, E. C., committed suicide, on discovering a criminal intimacy between his wife and a wealthy butcher, Christopher Smith, doing business in Grand street near Third, and residing with his family at 258 J. rimer street. Last week, Smith and the widow, who is shortly to become a mother, eloped, taking with them \$25,000 and embarking for California. Mrs. Smith and a grown-up daughter are left partially unprotected for.

A Portland paper states, with reference to the disaster to the *Bohemian*, that the bell buoy had been removed from the dangerous ledge upon which she struck, and a can buoy substituted, without any notice having been given.

On the morning of the 21st two children playing on the ice in the vicinity of Harlem bridge, broke through and were rescued from drowning by Mr. E. R. Wunder, doing business on Bleeker street. Mr. Wunder, at the time of the accident, was in his buggy, driving near the bank of the river, and was attracted to the scene of disaster by the cries of the children. It was with considerable personal danger and great difficulty he succeeded in drawing them to the shore. Learning the residence of the parents, which was near by, Mr. Wunder took the children in his buggy, and wrapping the smallest one, a little girl about six years of age, in his robe, carried them to their home.

A young German, named Eichler, having been fitted by a w. man, who married another, went to the lodgings of the happy pair, and invited them to partake of some wine, which he had poisoned. When the woman had drunk her portion, Eichler jumped up, and fired at the woman's husband, but owing to the excitement under which he labored, the ball lodged in the wall. He then went to his boarding-house, and retired to his own room. Next morning he was found dead. The woman is expected to recover.

A man named John Mitchell was stabbed early Saturday morning, at a fire-company ball at the Apollo Rooms. This is the third affray of the kind in ball-rooms this week.

Benjamin Martin, a druggist in New York, has been arrested, charged with administering oil of tansy, extract of cotton and fir, to a married woman named Kinder. It brought on vomiting fits, which killed her two hours after taking the medicine.

The mate of the *Victory*, Bailey, from Liverpool, has been arrested, charged with killing one of the passengers, while at sea. The passengers complained of general brutality throughout the voyage. The case will be investigated.

The testimony before the coroner's jury, in the case of the disaster to the *Bohemian*, shows no carelessness or want of skill on the part of the officers of the steamship. The pilot on a Boston steamer, which passed the *Bohemian* before she struck, testified to seeing her signal for a pilot, and the haze made the lights look much further off than they really were.

Art, Science and Literature.—M. Bardeux, a manufacturer of Poirier, is said to have made a discovery which will effect a revolution in the manufacture of paper. He has succeeded in manufacturing paper from various descriptions of timber, such as oak, walnut, pine and chestnut, and from vegetables, and without the addition of rags. Samples of various descriptions of paper are exhibited at the office of the *Journal des Inventeurs*. M. Bardeux asserts that his invention will cause a reduction of from 60 to 80 per cent. in the price of paper.

A patent has just been taken out for perforating the leaves of books and pamphlets after the manner of postage-stamp sheets. If the invention can be applied, all those who read will rise up and call the inventor blessed, as the necessity of using paper-cutters will be removed.

Experiments are being made in France with a new kind of rocket, which is to prevent the enemy from working at night. Besides giving a most brilliant light, illuminating a distance of 200 metres when let off, it offers the additional advantage of finally bursting like a bomb, and carrying with it a great destruction into the hostile camp.

Foreign.—The formidable steam-ram which is now approaching completely in Glasgow, Scotland, has been purchased by the Danish Government. For a second armored vessel purchased by the Danes. The present is a much more powerful ship. It is burdened with 3,500 tons; her engines are of 500 horse power, and she has a crew of 1,000 men. It could be very awkward thing for another vessel to come into collision with.

The Albany Army Relief Bazaar has an exhibition of the pistol which burst the first powder of the Revolution, presented by John P. Putnam, a grandson of Gen. Putnam. It will be remembered that Major Putnam, riding to attack the British at Lexington, shouted, "Disperse ye rebels!" a direct hit in their midst. His horse was shot and he fell, but he managed to escape. The pistol was found in the saddle and became the property of Gen. Putnam, and was worn by him during the Revolution.

Considerable surprise has been expressed in political circles that Mr. Adams should withhold dispatches from the British Government which Mr. Seward told him to deliver. It would seem, however, that Mr. Seward himself afterwards admitted the prudence of Mr. Adams's action. As it was, the more moderate of Seward's dispatches drew from Earl Russell the following remarks: "There are, however, passages in your letter of the 10th, as well as in some of your former ones, which so plainly and repeatedly imply an intention of forcing the preceding war on Great Britain, on the part of the Government of the United States unless steps are taken by her Majesty's Government which the law does not authorize, or unless the law, which you consider as insufficient, is altered, that I deem it incumbent upon me, in behalf of her Majesty's Government, frankly to state to you that her Majesty's Government will not be induced by any such consideration either to overstep the limits of the law or to propose to Parliament any new law which they may not, for reasons of their own, think proper to adopt. They will not shrink from any consequences of such a decision."

The Danish army has been compelled to retreat before the advance of the Austrians and Prussians, the disparity of forces being so great as to render a conflict utterly hopeless. With the usual unreasoning hastiness of the mob, the inhabitants of Copenhagen had shown their indignation by rioting, which had the effect of inducing the King to recall Gen. Da Meuse, who had abandoned the Danes without a desperate resistance. There was a report in Paris that the popular rage was so great as to compel the King of Denmark to resign, but it was contradicted in London. Lord Russell, in Parliament, denied that the British Cabinet had given any promise to Denmark. By the evacuation of the strongly fortified position at Duppel, the Danes had abandoned the only place in Schleswig where they could possibly make another attempt to resist the progress of the Austrian and Prussian troops. It is generally understood in Europe that the Duchy of Schleswig is lost for the Danes, and that it will be recovered at all almost by diplomatic action, not by war. The English Government has proposed an armistice to the belligerents, on the basis of the evacuation of Schleswig, with the exception of the island of Alsens, by the Danes. This suggestion is supported by France, Russia and Sweden.

From Paris, we learn that Miss Adeline Patti continues to be the star of the operatic world. She is supported by Mario and Della Sece, and the theatre is nightly filled, although all the seats in the lower part of the house have been put up to 10 and 15 francs each. Miss Carlotta Patti, who spent the month of January at Paris, and who only sang during that time in private, returns here in March to give a series of grand concerts. She sang at the houses of both Rossini and Meyerbeer at Paris. The latter pronounced her voice the finest he had ever heard, and heragreed that her sweetness would prevent him from giving her his "Africaine."

The steamship *Illinois* has arrived, bringing specie and mails from California. By her we have also later information from Nicaragua, Panama and Jamaica. The report that the French Minister had broken off friendly relations with Ecuador is contradicted. Troubles in the interior still continue. No vessel will be allowed to enter any Mexican port that has not declared for the French, except the steamers of the Pacific Mail Company. The Congress of Nicaragua was in a session. The Transit Company's cargo was before them, and it was suggested that the measure would pass and receive the signature of the President. Mr. Loozagan was in Managua, waiting for something to turn up in relation to his canal scheme, but it was thought that Congress would not take the matter into immediate consideration.

Chit-Chat.—The street pedlars in Mexico have peculiarities in their traffic as well as those who in the East sell figs in the name of the Prophet. The Mexican poultry dealer who offers ducks for sale introduces them to your notice by crying out, "Ducks, oh, my darling ducks!"

"I was," says Punch, "what is called an agreeable man, and the consequences of enjoying such a reputation were as follows: I was asked to be a grandfather 48 times, and my name is recorded as many other mugs, valued each at \$4 10s. 6d. I gave away 53 bridges and as many dressing-gowns. I said 'yes' when I ought to have said 'no,' 6,549 times. I paid, in the course of 14 years, \$375 2s. 6d. for cab fares in excess of what I ought to have done. I lent 204 umbrellas, and never received them back again. I gave up my still at the opera when I wanted to use it myself, on an average 36 times during the season. I have had 300 odd colds, and retain a permanent rheumatism, from consenting to sit in draughts to comfort other people. I have accepted 204 accommodations from friends in Government offices, and I am now going to Basinghall street to declare myself an insolvent, preparatory to my departure for Australia."

The following anecdote of Dickens and Thackeray is given in the *Cornhill Magazine*. It seems that there had been a quarrel existing between them, and for some length of time they were not friendly. The two great authors met in the lobby of a club, both hanging up their coats together at the same moment. They suddenly turned and saw each other, and the unrestrained impulse of both was to hold out the hand of forgiveness and fellowship. With that hearty grasp the differences which estranged them ceased. This must have been a great consolation to Mr. Dickens when he saw his great brother laid in the earth at Kensal Green.

The citizens of Springfield have paid Beecher the doubtful compliment of overthrowing doorkeepers and cashiers, and rushing in to hear him gratis.

A remarkably intelligent young botanist of our acquaintance asserts if as his firm conviction, strengthened by his public observation, not the less than by his private experience, that plants have a decided influence upon the actions of mankind in general, and of womanhood, perhaps, in particular. In illustration of this axiom, he adduces with some shrewdness the indisputable fact that many a delicate young lady who would shrink with maiden modesty, from being kissed under the mistletoe, has yet not the slightest objection to that extremity if it be performed under the rose.

The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703, and Peter the Great was its editor. The Imperial autocrat not only took part personally in its editorial composition, but in correcting proofs, as appears from the sheets still in existence, on which are marks and alterations in his own hand.

## The New Carpet.

"I CAN hardly spare it, Jane; but as you have so set your heart upon it, why I suppose I must."

The young wife looked with rapture upon the shining gold pieces.

"Twenty pounds!" she said to herself; "how rich it makes me feel. It seems a great deal to pay for a carpet; but 'gold is worth gold,' as the saying is, and one good purchase is worth a dozen poor ones. I'll buy one of the very finest and most beautiful Brussels."

Afternoon came; the young babe was laid asleep in his little cradle, and the maid received a score of charges to ring away its side every moment till the darling woke up. Jane, flushed with eager anticipation, looked her prettiest, and stirring herself in her nest, was about to make the long-desired purchase when a visitor suddenly entered.

"Oh, Jane—dear Jane!" and a pale young creature sat panting on the sofa. "We are in such

trouble, such a dreadful trouble! Can you help us? Do you think we could borrow twenty pounds from your husband? Couldn't you get it for us? You know you said I might always rely upon you when trial came; and poor Charles expects every moment to be arrested, and he is so ill!"

"Dear, dear!" said Jane, her good heart suddenly contracting. "Edward told me only this morning not to ask him for any money for three months," and she gathered her purse up tightly in her handkerchief. "I'm sure, if I only—could oblige you I would; but I expect Edward is really pushed. Can't you get it elsewhere? Have you tried?"

"Yes," answered her friend, despondingly, "I've tried everywhere. People know that Charles is ill and cannot repay immediately. Mr. J— knows our circumstances, yet he insists upon that money. Oh, it is so hard! it is so hard!"

Her pitiful voice and the big tears running like rain down her pallid cheeks almost unnerved Jane's selfishness. But that carpet—that beautiful carpet she had promised herself so long, and so often been disappointed of its possession, that she could not give it up. She knew her husband's heart, and that he would urge her to self-denial. No! she would not see him—if she did, it was all over with the carpet.

"Well," said her poor friend, in a desponding voice, rising to go, "I'm sorry you can't help me. I know you would if you could, and it is something to know that—but I go back with a heavy heart. Good-morning, dear Jane; I hope you will never know what it is to want and suffer."

How handsome the new carpet looked as the sun streamed in on its wreathed flowers, its colors of fawn, and blue, and crimson, its soft velvety richness—and how proud felt Jane at the lavish praises of her neighbors. It was a bargain, too; she had saved six pounds in its purchase, and bought a pair of elegant vases for the window-recess.

"I declare," said her husband, "this looks like comfort; but it spoils all my pleasure to think of poor Charles Somers. The poor fellow is dead."

Jane gave a real sharp scream, and the flush faded from her face.

"You! that rascally J—! For the paltry sum of twenty pounds, he arrested Charles, who ruptured a blood-vessel, and lived scarcely an hour afterwards. You know he has been weak and ill this long while."

"And Mary?" issued from Jane's bloodless lips.

"She has a dead child; and they tell me her life is despaired of. Why on earth didn't they send to me? I could easily have spared the money for that purpose. If it had stripped me of the last guinea they should have had it. Poor fellow—poor Mary!"

"And I might have saved it—all!" shrieked Jane, sinking upon her knees on the rich carpet. "Oh, Edward, will God ever forgive me for my heartlessness? Mary did call here, and with tears begged me to aid her—and I—I had the whole sum in my very hand—and coldly turned her away. Oh, my God, forgive me! forgive me!"

In the very agony of grief, poor Jane would receive no comfort. In vain her husband strove to soothe her; she would not hear a word in extenuation of her selfish conduct.

"I shall never forget poor Mary's tears; I shall never forget her sad voice; they will haunt me to my dying day! Oh, take it away—that hateful carpet! I have purchased it with the death of my dearest friend! How could I be so cruel? I shall never be happy again, never—never!"

Years have passed since then, and Mary, with her husband, lie together under the green sod of the churchyard. Jane has gray hairs mixed with the light brown of her tresses; and she lives in a home of splendor, and none know her but to bless her. There is a Mary, a gentle Mary in her household, dear to her as her own sweet children—she is the orphan child of those who have rested side by side for ten long years.

Edward is rich; but prosperity has not hardened his heart. His hand never tires of giving out bounty to the poor; and Jane is the guardian angel of the needy. The "new carpet," long since old, is sacredly preserved as a memento of sorrowful but penitential hours; and many a weary heart owes to its silent influence the prosperity that has turned Jane's wilderness into an Eden of plenty.

## A BALLOON DUEL.

PERHAPS the most remarkable duel ever fought took place in 1804. It was peculiarly French in its tone, and would hardly have occurred under any other than a French state of society. M. Le Grandpre and M. Le Pique had a quarrel, arising out of jealousy concerning a lady engaged at the Imperial Opera. They agreed to fight a duel to settle their respective claims; and, in order that the heat of angry passions should not interfere with the polished elegance of the proceeding, they postponed the duel for a month, the lady agreeing to bestow her smiles on the survivor of the two if the other was killed; or, at all events, this was intended by the two men, if not actually expressed. The duelists were to fight in the air. Two balloons were constructed precisely alike. On the day denoted, M. Grandpre and his second entered the car of one balloon, M. Pique and his second that of the other; it was in the gardens of the Tuilleries, amid an immense concourse of spectators. The gentlemen were to fire, not at each other but at each other's balloon, in order to bring them down by the escape of gas; and, as pistols might hardly have served this purpose, each carried a long-barreled blunderbuss in his car. At a given signal the ropes that fastened the cars were cut, and the balloons ascended. The first regular distance of 500 yards apart. When a ball made above the surface of the earth, a preconcerted signal firing was given. M. Le Pique fired but missed; M. de Grandpre fired and sent a ball through M. Pique's balloon. The balloon escaped the car descended with frightful rapidity, and M. Pique and his second were dashed to pieces. M. de Grandpre continued his ascent triumphantly and terminated his aerial voyage successfully at a distance of seven leagues from Paris.

A LADY must think she has something valuable in her hand, if she may judge from the number of looks she casts upon it.



VIRGINIA FARMER COMING FROM THE MILL.—DRAWN BY E. FORBES.

#### AN OLD VIRGINIA FARMER COMING FROM THE MILL.

THE picture of Virginia life speaks admirably the exhausted condition of the agriculture of the Old Dominion. Few parts of the world have declined as rapidly as Virginia. Her soil exhausted by tobacco, and unable to recuperate under a system of slave labor, no longer proved remunerative to the farmer. Scanty crops, untilled acres, mortgaged homesteads met you at every step. The ruinous state of the mass of the property holders, whom the constant sale of slaves could not save, was one of the great impulses that led them to rush into the rebellion. Ruin has overtaken most of them now, and the pictures of old Virginia life will, in the new era dawning upon her, be looked upon with surprise ten years hence. With the peace a tide of emigration will flow to her valleys and avail themselves of all the natural advantages to increase her wealth.

#### THE ARMY OVEN.

THE bake oven which our Special Artist has deemed worthy of sketching is a most useful Western invention. It is capable of baking 750 loaves per day, burning one-third of a cord of wood, and requiring the services of four men. The bread is excellently baked, and wherever flour is available the soldiers are furnished with it fresh. It is conveyed by a horse or mule attached to shafts. Eastern regiments, unsupplied with this invention, have to depend, even in the presence of flour, on hard tack.



THE ARMY OVEN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. DONWILL.

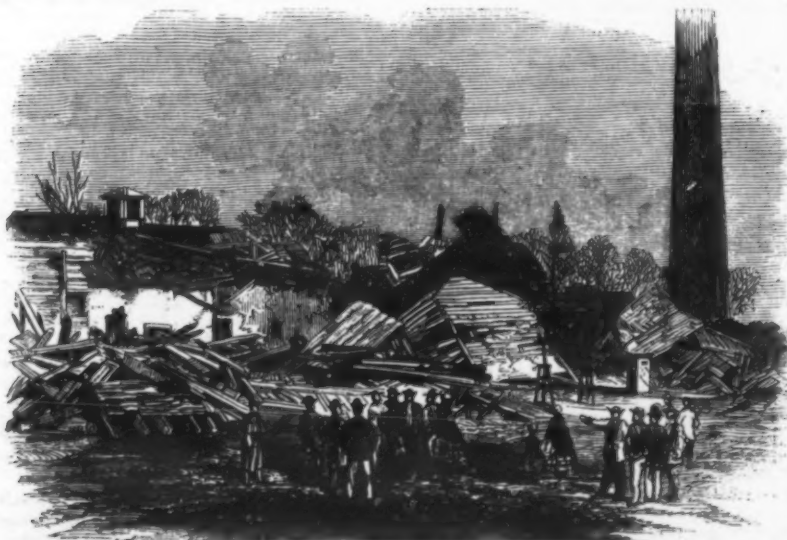
#### EXPLOSION OF A PAPERMILL AT SCHUYLerville.

WE give a sketch of the ruins of a papermill at Schuylerville, destroyed by a fearful boiler explosion, on the 15th. A bleach boiler, 7 feet in diameter and 30 feet long, exploded, taking away the upper part of the papermill, and passing through the post office, an oyster saloon and some other buildings in the course of its progress, killing a man and his wife. It did damage to the amount of \$30,000.

#### THE JAIL AT NEWBERNE.

AMONG the interesting edifices at Newberne, which attracted such general attention a short time since, is the jail, of which we give an illustration, from an accurate sketch made by our Special Artist.

ARRANGED in the order of natural age, William, King of Wurtemberg heads the list of sovereigns, having attained the ripe age of 82. Ferdinand, landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, aged 80, is the next, and Henry Sixty-seventh, prince of the junior line of Reuss, stands between him and good, honest Leopold, King of the Belgians, whose age is 73. Next to Leopold, comes the Pope Pius IX., whose age is 71. Napoleon III., (aged 65) has the sixteenth, and Victoria (aged 44) the twenty-sixth place in this list, of which the two lowest places are occupied by young George, King of Greece, and Henry XXII., prince of Reuss of the old house. These two young men are aged 18 and 17 respectively.



EXPLOSION OF A PAPER MILL AT SCHUYLerville, N. Y.—FROM A PHOTO. BY C. E. CLARK.



THE JAIL AT NEWBERNE, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. SCHILL.

## EGYPT.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

WHAT can we guess of those old Egyptians,  
And the strange hieroglyphical stones,  
Except, as affecting to read the inscriptions,  
We dare also label the bones?

Startled, I gaze at the old mummy cases,  
Awe'd, yet so longing to know  
How those still hearts and inscrutable faces  
Looked on the long ago.

Did the one beat with the loves and the  
passions  
That charm and appal us to-day?  
And the other, made fairer by old time  
fashions,  
Sparkle in triumph gay?

Here is a foot, and so beautiful is it,  
Daintily holding its place,  
With instep so shapely, so arched and ex-  
quisite,  
No foot of to-day may outgrace.

Here is a hand, too, small, deft and slender,  
That dimpling with life, and pressed  
By passionate love-kisses, eager and tender,  
Thrilled to its mistress' breast!

Did the one step, with the grace of a goddess,  
Proudly wide palaces through?  
And the other shine out, on the robe or the  
bodice,  
Jewelled and ravishing too?

Ah! all is lost in the silent abysses,  
Joy of theirs, sorrow and ill,  
God was their Father, and their secret his is,  
He has kept, and he keeps it still.



## A FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE.

By A. Brock.

DID you ever, reader, have either of your  
little schoolfellows ask you that wonderful query,  
"Where was Washington when he blew out the  
light?" If you have, you will, of course, remember  
the answer given with such a triumphant air, "In  
the dark." And that was just where Phil Brad-  
ford was on the night of the 15th December; most  
decidedly in the dark.

Warm-hearted Phil had received a note from  
some anonymous person in the morning of that  
day, telling him of the destitute condition of a  
widow and family in — lane, and begging his  
assistance immediately. He had ample means for  
so doing and a generous heart to urge him on;  
and now we find him walking up and down the  
street, searching among the numerous ones for  
— lane. It was in the worst part of the city;  
filthy and forlorn. The street lamps were never  
lit, and the houses were piled together as though  
the daylight, as much as possible, was excluded to  
keep the passers-by from discovering the misery  
and wickedness of the place. The grogshop on  
the corner was one of the haunts frequented alike  
by wretched men and women; and now boisterous  
shouts of laughter, mingled with oaths of the most  
frightful character, issued from the place. Sabbath  
and church were alike unknown to them, and as  
the succeeding months and years rolled by, the  
tide of wickedness never slackened within that  
magic circle, for as one disappeared from the  
accustomed haunts another came to fill his place.  
The vilest was king, and the others his prime  
ministers. Almost with a shudder Phil passed the  
open door of this place. Glancing in, as he did so,  
he saw one of the men start and touch his neigh-  
bor on the shoulder, and then both turn as though  
coming towards the door. Phil could not for his  
life have helped the involuntary thrill of fear that  
rushed through him, and heartily cursing his  
stupidity in not bringing a companion, he deter-  
mined to return home, and on the next evening  
provide himself with arms and a friend, and  
continue his search, although doubts began to enter  
his mind as to the truth of the appeal. Glancing  
back as he turned the street, he thought he dis-  
covered the forms of two persons in the darkness  
following him. With quickened steps he hastened  
to gain the lighted thoroughfare, but what was his  
horror on turning the corner to find himself again  
opposite the old grogshop. He was lost! lost in the  
den of thieves. But he dared not hesitate for one



"THE FREEDMAN."—FROM THE STATUETTE BY J. Q. A. WARD, N. A.

moment; his two pursuers were gaining upon him  
silently and with cat-like caution. Rushing down  
the street opposite in direction to the one he had  
previously taken, he never slackened his speed  
until a projecting wall denied his further advance.  
With a fainting heart he turned to retrace his  
steps, but the sight of the two ruffians, now boldly  
rushing towards him, sent the blood flying through  
his frame, and making a dash to the right he  
plunged through the open door of the house. Up-  
stairs he went, until at the top floor he paused for  
breath, and hearing no footsteps following he

stopped to think. Where was he to go if they did  
follow him; upon the roof? No! that would never  
do. There were voices talking, perhaps he might  
find friends and assistance in some of the rooms on  
that floor. Cautiously advancing to the end of the  
hall he listened, to discover if possible the charac-  
ter of the inmates.

"Mother, dear mother, do not despair, God  
will surely help us. Does He not say that a  
sparrow shall not fall without His will? Certainly  
He will not forget us."

"You are right, my dear child, I will not doubt;

and though the way seems dark, I will yet stead-  
fastly put my trust in Him, and watch for the  
light at the end. We will try again to-morrow,  
daughter, if we cannot find some means of support.  
Oh! if your father had only never left us, what  
comfort and happiness we would have known. He  
was a kind father to you, Lettie."

"Do not let us talk of him, mother," sobbed  
Lettie; "the remembrance of our former days,  
when, as a happy family, we sat round the fireside  
at evening, makes our present lot—" here she  
paused in terrified silence, as a confused scuffling  
of feet, with muttering curses outside the door,  
met her ear. With pallid faces they sat listening  
for some time, when a loud shriek nearly paralyzed  
them. A few minutes passed in quietness, except  
now and then a word from one of the ruffians.

"Dick, just hold him over on his side, while I  
search this pocket. D—n the rascal, he did not  
bring so much chink as I thought he would, the  
soft-headed fool."

"I guess he didn't find the widow, Bill, eh!" and  
the fellow chuckled; "if he hadn't passed the bin  
we would have missed him, for I did not think he  
would get here till later. I say, Bill, there's that  
ring on his finger, don't leave that."

"Sure enough; but, Dick, I wonder if anybody  
lives in this bunk. I believe I'll look. It wouldn't  
do to have anybody to tell tales. I guess there  
must be; the door is locked, and we had better  
make tracks rapid. I thought the house was empty,  
come along—quick time!"

The sound of hasty footsteps down the stairs told  
of their departure, and the mother and daughter  
for the first time drew a long breath and began in  
whispered tones to converse. Presently a low  
moaning sound caught their ear, and Lettie, with  
the quick instinct of youthful womanhood, under-  
stood directly that the villains had left their prey  
behind them, perhaps in a dying condition, and  
started to go to him, but her mother prevented  
her.

"Wait a moment, daughter, I will go with you;  
however it is, perhaps they will respect my gray  
hairs."

"Do not be alarmed, mother; did you not hear  
the ruffians say that he came to help a widow? One  
who would risk his life in this way to do a charit-



Listening to the attempted Murder.

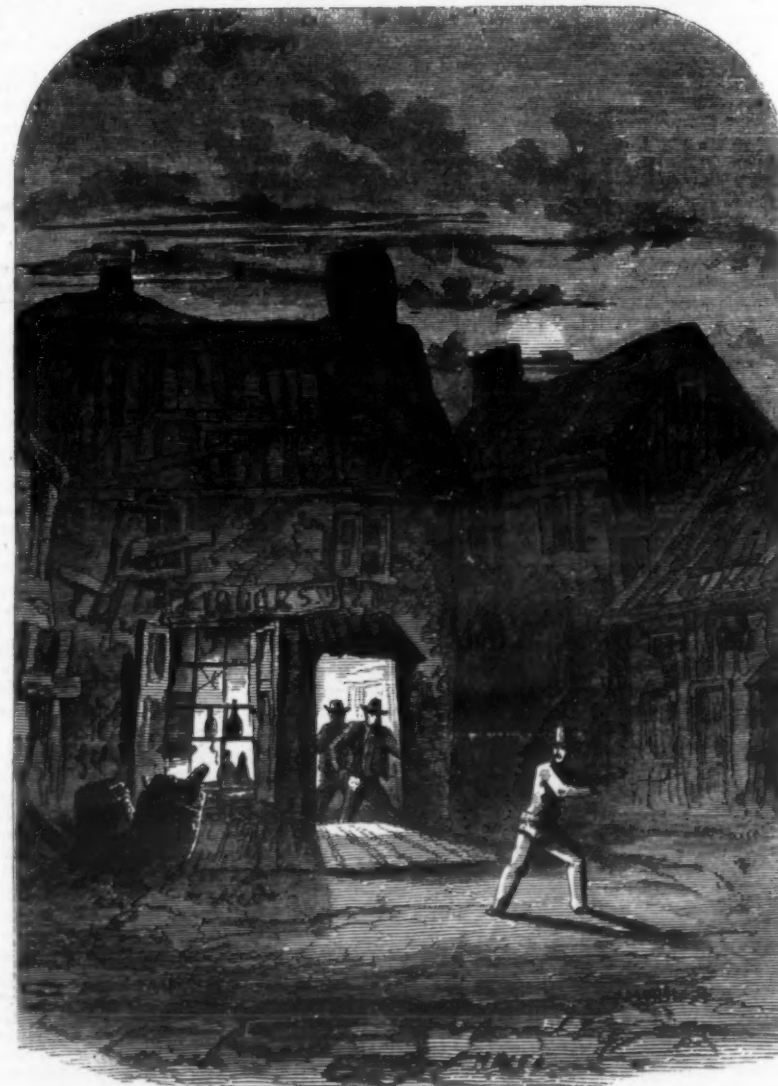
able act would not certainly harm the defenceless,"  
and she opened the door, followed by her mother.

A cry of horror escaped her lips at the sight pre-  
sented to her gaze. On the floor lay poor Phil,  
with the blood settling in pools around him. One  
arm was bent under him, and the other lay across  
his face where the assassin had thrown it after re-  
moving the ring. As Mrs. Markham reached him  
he half opened his eyes, but with a half moan sank  
into insensibility. Lettie ran for water, and bath-  
ing his face and head, finally brought him to his  
senses, but all their united efforts were unavailing  
to get him in the room. With all the tenderness  
possible they cared for him that night, staunching  
the blood from his wounds, and soothing him with  
gentle words, and early in the morning Lettie  
started for the doctor.

Doctor Robinson was a kindly man, and on  
Lettie's telling her tale, he immediately accom-  
panied her home. When he arrived there he found  
Phil in a high fever and slightly delirious. With  
the help of the assistant he had brought with him  
they got him on the bed, and cutting loose his  
clothes in various places, succeeded in getting at  
the wounds. They, he said, were not dangerous,  
but the severe shock when he fell, together with  
the loss of blood, made great care necessary. But  
what was Mrs. Markham to do? With hardly a  
loaf of bread in the house and no money? It was  
indeed a question. Setting aside all delicacy, she  
plainly told the doctor her inability to get for him  
what he needed, and begged him to find his friends,  
adding, "I will gladly nurse him, doctor, if his  
friends will only provide his medicines and other  
necessaries."

Together they searched his pockets for some token  
to know him by, but only found a note addressed  
simply to Phil, but bearing the name and address  
of the writer. Either the doctor went and found  
him to be the intimate friend and chum of the  
wounded man. Together they returned to Mrs.  
Markham's, but Phil was too sick to recognise him,  
although in his ravings he continually called—  
"Charlie! Charlie!" and would then commence an  
imaginary conversation with him.

"Come, Charlie, come out and take a walk; 'tis  
awfully hot in here. I feel as though my head was  
on fire. Now, like a good fellow, come along, don't  
stand arguing. I say, Charlie, old fellow did you see



The Good Samaritan chased by Thieves.

that girl that went by just now? I like her first-rate; she must be very poor, though, for her clothes are worn and that old shawl she wears isn't worth sixpence. I wish I knew who she was, I really would make her acquaintance, that's sure. Why, there she comes back again; what eyes, so gentle, and yet they burn right through my head. There, she's going away again; catch her, Charlie," and he made a spring for Lettie, who had been coming and going before the bed, supplying the wants of her mother, who was trying to wash the blood from his hair, at the same time that she cooled his head. Tears rolled down Charlie's face at the pitiable sight of that noble, generous fellow's prostration; and, turning to leave, he left with Mrs. Markham the means for the purchasing of every want for him, promising to come again as soon as business would permit. The next day he called again, and, finding Phil a little easier, he found time to examine the appearance of his entertainers.

Mrs. Markham was tall and slender, and evidently a gentlewoman. Time and trouble had marked her face with furrows and silvered her hair. Her garb was of the poorest quality, but her manners betokened the lady still.

Lettie was about seventeen years old, and had a face that would attract in any place. Black hair, arranged in glossy bands on each side of her face; large blue eyes and a clear complexion; a moderate sized mouth, with ruby lips and very white teeth. She was a little below the medium height, and eminently graceful.

Charlie was rather taken aback on finding such inhabitants of that dreary abode, and on conversing with Lettie made up his mind that poor Phil was not so poor after all, if he only had his senses; and was almost willing to take his place, excepting the delirious part.

Days and even weeks passed before Phil was considered convalescent, and Charlie Manners was his almost constant companion, hovering over him with a brotherly love until he slept, and then hastening to Lettie's side.

Charlie and Lettie were fast becoming victims of Cupid's mesh; but Lettie was shy and gracefully kept at a distance. Charlie, with a lover's ardor, pressed on, and daily lessened the distance between them. It was truly a demonstration of the old song:

"He, brave as a lion; she, shy as the fawn."

Many were the pleasant conversations the little party enjoyed before Phil was allowed to leave the couch. Books were supplied and read aloud. The papers, each day, must be carefully perused, and politics discussed. Comical anecdotes were related and laughed over, and all seemed well; but Mrs. Markham, she could not but doubt for the future.

Five years previous to the present time her husband had gone with the masses to California, leaving her an annual income for her support until his return. This had been snatched away from her by a villain in the guise of a friend, and now they were destitute. Some word they had received from the absent husband and father, with a hint of a large sum of money forwarded, but as it had never come, and it was three years since a letter had been received, they had given up their hopes.

They had been living in the poorest style on the little they could earn by the needle, and with the departure of their guest must resume their employment. Some of her trouble revealed itself on her face, and Phil, with a view to rendering assistance, begged her to tell him the cause of her trouble.

The tears started to her eyes, but, assured of his earnest sympathy, she began, telling him of the departure of her husband and her subsequent want. Phil listened, with an eager eye and flushed cheek, until she spoke of the money, when, with a quick cry, he sprang from the couch.

"Thank, God, madam, I have found you! The money is all safe," and he sank back again, fainting with excitement.

Mrs. Markham, with hands uplifted and quivering lips, awaited a further explanation. He gave it as follows:

Mr. Markham had sent money by an intimate friend, Phil's father, who was returning East. He had been taken sick on the road, and obliged to remain several weeks at a small town, with Phil as nurse. Getting better, they proceeded on their journey, but had not gone far when a relapse occurred, and they were obliged again to stop at a town where, after a short illness, he died, giving the money into Phil's care. The delay had been disastrous to Mrs. Markham, and on arriving at her residence he found she had moved; and though every effort was made no trace could be found of her. Six months after, Mr. Markham, having a sudden flow of good luck, returned, and was almost frantic at the disappearance of his wife and child. Another unsuccessful search was made, and then the almost brokenhearted man, giving the money again into Phil's hands, returned to California, from whence he wrote every month, in the hope of receiving information of his family.

The shock was almost too great for Mrs. Markham, but joy, they say, never kills. And so, a few months after, we find them in a retired portion of the city, living in a style suited to their education and refinement. Mr. Markham, to whom they had written immediately, is daily expected home, and in one year Lettie is to become Mrs. Manners. From Markham to Manners is but a small change, and Lettie laughingly tells her young friends that the convenience of not being obliged to alter the letter marked on all her clothes was one reason why she was induced to think of Charlie as a husband (she never tells what the other reason is); but when these same friends quote the old couplet to her:

"Change the name and not the letter,  
This change for worse and not for better,"

she only pouts and declares her nonbelief in all old saws and sayings. Folks are wiser now, she thinks. Charlie's parents and sister are delighted with the

future member of their home circle, and Lettie thinks Jennie Manners is one of the dearest, sweetest, most lovable girls she ever met. So also (on the sly) does our friend Phil, though I cannot say that he ever told her so, although the other day when Charlie happened to go suddenly into the back parlor, he thought he saw—in fact, he was sure he saw—Phil quickly draw his arm away from Jennie's waist, while she began very earnestly to smooth her hair. Charlie, like a kindhearted fellow, was of course blind to the fact, and made all possible haste out of the room.

One evening, a short time after Mr. Markham's happy return, Phil rushed into the house, all excitement. A notorious burglar and ruffian had been caught, and was in confinement. A superior diamond ring had been found upon his person and the owner advertised for. Phil answered the advertisement, and finding the ring to be his, denounced the fellow as one of his assassins. He afterwards acknowledged his crime and made known his companions. They had written the note begging for assistance, with the intention of waylaying and robbing him. He had answered it sooner than they expected, and but for the accidental sight of him through the open door of the grogshop would perhaps have escaped. Phil never recovered the watch and chain or the money which was stolen from him, and they might have kept the ring, as it appears he did not want it, for we saw it sparkling on Jennie's finger a short time after.

There was a double wedding in the spring, and both brides were lovely. It was hard to choose between them, it being simply a matter of taste as to whether black hair and dark blue eyes, or light hair and light blue eyes were most beautiful. Probably Phil and Charlie were each satisfied, and that is all that is necessary to make the event of the 16th of December a most Fortunate Misfortune.

#### WASTING.

GOLDEN days and months are flying,  
Golden hopes and loves are dying,  
Gory fields and forms are lying  
Under this December night;  
Bitter tears to-night are falling,  
Boldly anguished hearts are calling  
Blessings for the scenes appalling,  
For one ray of heavenly light.

Oh, this saddest of Novembers!  
Oh, this dreariest of Decembers!  
Oft my heart thrills, and remembers  
Other sunnier, happier days,  
When the spirit's prospects gladder,  
With its surfeit-joy grew madder,  
Winning thus experience sadder,  
While in earthly, sinful ways.

Much the need of strength and praying,  
Medicines for the truth's delaying,  
Meeting justice in his saying,  
Hope and charity;  
In our wasting life and beauty,  
In the silent path of duty,  
Is our holiest life and beauty,  
Immortality.

Patient bearing now our losses,  
Peace and prayer will soothe our crosses,  
Poignant grief will, like sea mosses,  
Nourish germs of better life;  
Calmly let our sacrifices,  
Costlier far than ancient spices,  
Consecrate the grand indices  
Of a noble end of strife.

#### THE MASTER OF ARAN GARTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE."

THERE is a stillness over Aran Garth this Christmas Eve; such a stillness in the air and such a light in the sky as there may have been that night when the shepherds of the East kept watch over their flocks. The moon shines over the house; stars glitter through the avenue trees, and the deer graze among the twisted oak-tree shadows with their breath visible in the frosty air. The cascades and rivulets in the little wood are all struck dumb by frost, and have left an unnatural silence through the place. A little white leveret is at play with the shadows on the path, and the fact of her playing there so fearlessly, and the great stillness together, cause one to turn in wonder to the gabled house, to see if there are any signs of human life within, or if those stone lions on the steps and those stone figures on the grand old gate may have got all Aran Garth to themselves, to rule over in their grim frozen silence for ever.

Yes, the chimneys smoke; there is light in several windows—a very bright light from the large one overlooking the court. They were merry in the room awhile since. A deep, gruff but musical laugh incessantly made the windows shake in their frames; and the large shadow of a head covered with crisp curls kept passing across the blind.

But all is quiet in that room now, and the shadow comes up on the blind no more, nor comes it across any other of the lighted windows.

Here, at the side, are two dark windows, and the moonlight pours through them into the most desolate room of the house. It is called the Hunter's Room, because the old masters of Aran Garth used to come here when they returned from the hunt, and sit awhile in muddy boots and pet their favorite hounds, and drink till their unsteady hands let the winejugs fall to the floor, which is still covered with dark stains, and has a sour, faint smell of old wine.

What have we to do with this room to-night? The chimney-place is fireless, the heavy bolt is drawn across the door, there is nothing here, surely, but the anthers on the walls and the rusty guns?

Nay, look again a little lower, almost under the window. Who is it sits in the grim oak chair, with

hands clenched and body bent? It is the master of Aran Garth, the same whose shadow was on the blind, whose laugh made the house ring a few minutes since. His hands are clenched, and he is looking down at the stained floor, and the moonlight falls about him, showing threads of silver in the crisp curls.

It is a head that looks little accustomed to bow down as it is now bowed. In the square brows and fair Saxon features there is a strength of will that is almost kingly.

What mystery have we broken in upon, looking with the moonlight through the two dark windows?

How comes Sir Stephen Blore to be sitting bowed down in the darkness and the bolt of the door drawn? How comes he to be here and thus to-night of all nights, when every one thinks he must be rejoicing, for to-morrow his son comes home, the son he has not seen for years.

But see, he lifts his head at last, lays his palms on his knees, and raises himself slowly upright in the chair. He has gone through some trial during those minutes he has sat there, for his stony blue eyes stare round the room as though he scarcely remembers having entered it. Presently they rest upon an old silver tankard hanging on a nail and shining in the moonlight; and, as a man just awakened from heavy sleep will try to sharpen his senses by an effort to remember the door, or curtain, or thing his eyes first rest upon when they open, so Sir Stephen seems to feel that it is only by recollecting what that bright thing on the wall is that he can find his way out of the painful stupor into which he has fallen.

After looking at it for some time with those large vacant eyes, with a sort of unconscious curiosity, he strides across the room, reaches it from the nail, and, returning to his chair, sits down with it in his hands.

He turns it over and over in the moonlight in a mechanical, listless way, looking at its bent handle and broken rim, and the armorial carvings dented and chipped. Now he holds it quite still, his attention is attracted by some small old letters, it is the motto of his house:

"A deadly enemy, but never a traitor."

A dark flush slowly rises in Sir Stephen's cheek as he reads, his eye fills with anguish, and he laughs, a bitter, harsh laugh.

"Thou'rt wrong, old mug," he says aloud, flinging it from him. "Get thee to the dust, and tell them there is a traitor in the line at last—a traitor to his own son!"

And once more the large head bows low and the strong limbs tremble.

When he lifts his face again it is changed; it is no longer bitter, but has an expression of passionate self-questioning on it, as if some small voice in his heart pleads against the charge he laid to himself.

He looks back upon his past life for evidence against himself.

Ay, look back, Sir Stephen; look back some eight-and-twenty years, and see yourself, in your early youth again, dreaming of love under the blossoming chestnut trees of Aran. Fair faces came to Aran Garth in those days, but never the face of his dreams. No actual image of an ideal bride haunted him; but he seemed to hear her voice in the early summer mornings calling to him with the birds as he awoke. She breathed on him with the March primroses, and glowed near him in the morning skies. In the storms of April he seemed to see her spirit struggling in the shaken trees, the moaning water and dishevelled flowers, as though she yearned for a human form in which to come to him. Through long June nights, as he lay upon the grass awake, he seemed to hear her footsteps in the silent paths, and to feel ethereal hands ministering to him and fanning him with green boughs, and shaking perfumed dew from the flowers upon his face. She sighed upon him with the roses and sang to him with the nightingale, and all night he felt eyes gazing down on him with the throbbing stars, tender and serene and full of steadfast love.

He grew heart-sick of looking into every face and finding her not; and sometimes he looked back upon the hours he had wasted in dreaming of her in shame and sadness; and, pacing the solitary avenues by night, he would determine to put away from him this vague ideal, and take some good woman for his wife, and cease from dreams. And at such times, as he strode along the old walk, with the trees rocking and murmuring over his head, he seemed to hear a voice pleading with him and saying,

"Wilt thou cast me off because I am a spirit, and cannot yet come to thee in human form? Fear not for time. I will surely come; and, though thy hair be gray before my coming, my beauty shall renew thy youth."

Pacing the Hunter's Room, Sir Stephen looks back upon that time, and then there seems to come a mist in which he sees himself bringing home to Aran Garth a beautiful woman, with a queenly step and cold, proud eyes; and it hardly seems two years after the marriage that he kisses those cold, proud eyes for the last time, and is left in Aran Garth alone with his sister and his infant son.

Again all is mist. What does he see now? His son grown up and going away from him to India. A little ward of his then comes to live with them at Aran Garth. He remembers, the first evening she came, laying his hand upon her curls, and saying to his sister, half in jest, "Elizabeth, she shall be Hector's wife."

And when, year after year, he watched her nature unfolding purely and radiantly, like the white leaves of a lily showing glimpses of rich gold within, he had still said, but with a deeper meaning, "She shall be Hector's wife."

It became the chief delight of his life to write of her to Hector, repeating her sweet, girlish sayings and picturing her beauty under all its different aspects; and he could but see by Hector's brief, soldierly letters that he must have used some eloquence in doing so; for, brief and soldierly as they

were, they showed Sir Hector that she was always in his thoughts, and that his heart often yearned, through the irksome routine of his military life, towards the bride they were cherishing for him at home.

All this Sir Stephen thinks of as he stands in the cold December moonlight in the Hunter's Room; and all this while his stern, questioning eyes see no evidence that proves his charge against himself to be just.

But now! Ay, bend the proud head lower, and look back once again. Hector's ship is on the sea; he will soon be here to claim the bride they have chosen for him and taught him to love. Sir Stephen begins to say to his sister at night:

"Elizabeth, I shall miss the child sorely. She has made it all May Day in the house." Then Miss Blore reminds him that Hector and she will stay at Aran Garth when they are married just the same; but Sir Stephen cannot look forward with any pleasure to sharing her society with Hector, and he is startled and grieved to discover it. Fearful lest she herself should guess such a thought was in his heart, he jests with her about that time, and asks her if he will still be her guardian a little, or if she means to cast him off altogether when Hector comes? But the first time he makes this jest a pair of eyes are lifted to his face with a look that plunges him into still deeper trouble. They rested on his face not more than a second, but he cannot forget them; they haunt him everywhere—blue, humid eyes, full of tears and fire.

Then come nights of wild unrest—of dreams in which he sees a ship bounding to harbor; and he, tossing in the waves, pushes it back with bleeding hands; and the prow drives on, pressing against his heart till the sea foam is stained with his blood; and still at the helm stands Hector, smiling and looking landwards towards his love.

And now—now it is the night before Hector's return, and Sir Stephen has come into the Hunter's Room to wrestle with his own heart.

First, he bids himself look steadfastly at his life—his life as it will be when she has no longer anything in common with it. So he folds his arms, and stands erect, and looks.

What! Begin the day without having touched her hand or met her smile? Sit hour after hour in some strange room and never hear her step upon the stairs? Never again have those eyes lifted to his either in childish mockery or tender, womanly reverence? Never more watch the sweet thoughts flit over her face like cloud-shadows in a lake?

He stands before the window and looks out—far, far out on his future, as one who looks for water over a scorching desert and sees nothing but dead men's bones, and his eyes grow dull and wild; a trembling seizes his whole frame, and he falls down with his arms on the oak chair, and, with a loud cry on his lips—a hoarse, passionate cry, full of tenderness and sharp pain—

"Genevra! Genevra!"

As a martyr, to test his power of endurance, puts his hand into the fire that is to consume his whole body, so Sir Stephen had sent his heart to live a moment in his dark and desolate future, then snatched it back in shuddering agony, blistered and bleeding, but with a fierce joy at finding he can snatch it back—that there is yet a little space to live before the actual torture comes, a little space in which to call her sweet image before him once more and to sob his heart's farewell at her feet.

"Genevra! Oh, my golden-haired! Oh, my life's sole love! My little May flower with the bashful head, who will cherish thee like me? My love! my love! my sweet childlove!"

While the heavy oak chair creaks under the weight of his form, suddenly there comes a look of awe over his face, then a paleness, and his eyes are turned with a listening look towards the door. He hears a footstep and the soft sweep of a dress. Now both are silent—silent but very near, he feels; and his heart throbs with such a dull hard beat that he thinks the listener without must hear it.

A tap at the door—so gentle and timorous!—but he could hear it.

He has risen to his feet, and stands leaning on the chair-back, looking at the door with wild eyes, like some grand but savage animal at bay.

Is it she? Has God, who alone knows the state of his heart, permitted her to come to him now? Now, in this bitter hour, when all the wild passions of his nature are let loose, and the battle that he came to fight unwon? One look of her sweet eyes might turn the tide and bring him certain ruin. One word spoken by him in her presence would betray to her his love—his fierce, passionate love—for the woman he had consecrated from childhood to his son.

She knocks again, and he bends over the chair-back, looking towards the door, irresolute. What shall he do?

Oh, tender little hand, that never crushed a flower or bruised a butterfly's wing, how can it be so cruel now? Go away, Genevra! Go away, and hide your golden hair, that the fight may be fought fairly and the right hand be made honorable that is to give you to your bridegroom to-morrow!

But she taps again, and louder than before. He steadies his voice, and calls out harshly,

"Well! Who is there?"

"Sir Stephen, it is I. May I speak to you a minute, if you please?"

The sweet, timorous voice goes to his heart like music, but at the same time makes him fearful of himself, fearful that in a minute he will be groping to that door, and speaking uncontrolled words to her that will fill her soul with terror and grief.

Oh, if he could only make her go away suspecting nothing! If he could only speak to her in his natural voice! He tries:

"What, ladybird, is it you? Take your troubles to Elizabeth, my child; I am busy."

The words cost him more effort than any words he had ever spoken. Surely he will be repaid for them, and she will go away and sob her wounded

pride to rest. No, there is the timid, pleading voice again—

"Oh, please let me come in. I have been waiting for you to come upstairs so long. I cannot go to bed; I cannot talk to Elizabeth. Do, pray, pray, let me speak to you."

Sir Stephen went to the door and set his broad palm against it. Somehow it seemed to him as if that wild yearning within him must draw it open, spite of bolt or bar. So he set his broad palm against it with all the strength of his body, and, with his other hand on his hip, he looked down on the floor and felt that those two fierce combatants in his heart, passion and honor, had got each other by the throat, and that before he took his hand from that door one must be conqueror.

What he did that moment—whether he invoked some Divine power to his aid, or whether he thought of the helpless babe left in his arms when the coffin lid was closed over his wife's cold, proud eyes—he never remembered; but a great lull came over him, and when she called again—

"Sir Stephen, speak to me—you are not ill?" he took his hand from the door, drew back the bolt, and stood before her erect, calm, with a smile on his face.

The doors leading down to the broad court were open, and the hall was flooded with moonlight; she stood in the midst, and you could scarcely tell whether the sweet light about her came from the moon or from her golden hair.

Sir Stephen smiled upon her and took her hand.

"Well, little one, what trouble now?"

"I was afraid you were ill; you have been shut up there so long. I have been walking up and down here and in the garden all the time. Will you come out now?"

Sir Stephen looked beyond her out into the night, and he felt that this newborn strength of his would have more chance of enduring under those calm stars and awaying trees than anywhere else. So he drew the hood of her cloak over her head, leaving only a pale gold rim visible upon her brow, and took her arm through his, and they passed out into the white, silent court.

"And what is it you wish to say to me, Geneva, my child?" he asks again.

Three times they pace the length of the court before she answers; and now they have come again nearly to the steps, and then Geneva stops and draws her hand away, and they both stand still, looking at their shadows on the white ground. Sir Stephen does not look at the exquisite face set in its gold rim, but he knows that there are tears on it, and that the lips are quivering; and he is obliged to fancy himself standing with his palm set against the door again, and when she speaks there is such a sadness in her voice that all the bright, clear night grows misty to him.

"Sir Stephen," she says, "I have asked many things of you since I have been here, but I have never asked anything yet that has given you pain to grant, have I?"

Sir Stephen is silent, and she is a little afraid of his silence, but goes on with a kind of timorous desperation.

"Because—because I am going to ask you something now that I know will pain you much; and I would not ask it, but that if I did not others may suffer as well as me; it is for his—for his—for Hector's sake—that I speak, much more than mine."

"Speak, then, Geneva?"

She lifts both her little hands and folds them on his arm.

"I will. I will tell you all that I have longed to tell you so many days past, but I could not bear to pain you. Sir Stephen, I cannot meet Hector as—

as—you wish me, and you must tell him so."

"Geneva!"

"Oh, do not speak like that. Tell him I am not worthy of him; tell him while he has been thinking of me as one whom he will try to love for your sake, I have been not forgetting him, but worse—have been dreading his coming, because I know I can never—never—never love him!"

The bright night is very misty to him, and he has a vague sense of having lifted up his arm on which her little hands are folded, and kissed them, and wetted them with tears; but now—now that the mist is passed away—he is standing before her with folded arms, and saying, in a hard, stern voice:

"Geneva, you grieve me very much. What you wish said to Hector, you must say yourself. As for me, I can do nothing—God help me! nothing! Go, child, to Elizabeth, and talk with her."

He stands and watches the drooping, hooded figure across the court and into the house; and when it has quite gone he no longer remembers that the night has moon or stars; but ascending the steps, puts out groping hands before him as if he were in pitch darkness. He goes on through avenue and wood till a space of sward opens before him streaked with frost; and there he casts himself down, weary and sick—no longer trembling with stormy passions, but stricken with grief for Hector; and accusing himself not only of the treachery of loving her, but of the double treachery of having—no matter how unwittingly—won her priceless love away from him.

And so all night, his heart crushed down with shame and anguish, he stayed out in the frosty air—now pacing the avenues, and now stretched upon the dead leaves or the grass. The moon had waned, and there was only one star left twinkling in the gray dawn, when something warm came and touched his stiff, cold fingers as he sat on the root of a tree. It was the lodgekeeper's dog; and in another minute the old man came up himself with a letter, which he gave Sir Stephen, and then passed on without a word to his master, and whistling away his dog.

Sir Stephen rose and leant against the tree trunk, sick at heart with a vague presentiment of some great calamity impending.

What does this letter mean, given to him at such

an hour in the morning? It is Hector's handwriting.

He breaks it open with stiff, trembling fingers, and the light of the gray morning is just sufficient for him to read it by. This is Hector's letter:

"MY DEAR FATHER—At twelve o'clock at night in Jasper's lodge, I am sitting down to write to you. My letter must be brief, for I am off before five in the morning. A long time before starting from India I had resolved to be at Aran Garth a day or so before you expected me. Perhaps you can guess why? I wished to see her. As yet I had only seen her through your eyes, and before we met I wished to see if she would be the same seen with my own. This evening I was by the wall when she came to walk in the court. Several times she disappeared into the house and returned again. Once, when I was watching for her shadow coming before her on the white ground by the steps, two shadows came, and then I knew by instinct all that was to follow. That the image which has been before me so long has lost nothing by the experience of to-night, let the fact that I banish myself from home for a few years show you. I shall say no more, except that I conjure you not to mar your happiness in Geneva's love by thoughts of me. I have only been dreaming a romantic dream of love, the effect of which a few years of active life will knock out of me. Remember me to Geneva, and thank her for the brave outspoken which has opened my eyes to-night, and saved us all three from unspeakable wretchedness. HECTOR BLORE."

Sir Stephen stands leaning against the tree, with the letter in his hand, the small birds hop and twitter in the boughs over his head, and the sweet dawn breaks about him, and soon two great drops roll rattling down upon the paper.

In another minute he is going towards the house.

"Elizabeth!" He does not wait to be answered, but pushes the door of his sister's room open. She is dressed, and kneeling at her prayers. Sir Stephen raises her with his arm and kisses her tenderly.

"Elizabeth," he says, giving her the letter, "read this, then take it to Geneva, and if she is sleeping, lay it on her pillow."

She is sleeping, and Elizabeth lays the letter on her bosom and leaves her, and the morning dawns and brightens slowly at her window.

Sir Stephen sits in the quaint, old library, watching the sunshine creeping over the lawn. How slowly it comes! When will it touch Geneva's eyes and make them waken?

Hark!—a step—the door opens and closes softly.

Sir Stephen does not look up. He feels she is standing there—his spirit-love that he dreamed of under the blossoming chestnuts long ago; standing before him in the freshness of her youth and the glory of her golden hair. But he bows his head; she is so fair, so radiant, can she have love for him? She sees the sad doubt in his eyes, and smiles and kneels before him.

"My guardian, my dear guardian!"

Still his head is bent and his eyes despairing.

She lays her little hands one on each shoulder, and looks into his face, and smiles and weeps.

"My love! Stephen!"

"Oh! Geneva, Geneva!"

By this time the lazy sunshine has crept into the window, and it finds upon Sir Stephen's breast a rippling stream of gold that would make even July's sunbeams pale.

#### THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.

THE arrangements for opening the Metropolitan Fair, in aid of the United States Sanitary Commission, which will begin next month, are rapidly advancing. The main depot established by the managers for the reception of contributions is the Armory of the 22d regiment N. Y. S. N. G., on Fourteenth street, near Sixth avenue, the spot formerly known as Palace Gardens, where the regiment has erected a substantial edifice. Many societies and associations have also depots of their own. Mr. Elliott, of London, has contributed a large quantity of coal to this fair, and many donations are on their way from other parties in Europe. The Government exempts these last from the payment of duty.

#### VIEW ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

Few points have been the scene of more stirring skirmishes, cavalry charges and artillery duels than the quiet spot which we illustrate, a scene on the Rappahannock river, near the celebrated Rappahannock station. Our armies have repeatedly advanced to, crossed and recrossed this river; McDowell first reached it, Pope crossed it, Sigel also, losing, not far from this spot, the gallant Gen. Bohlen, of Pennsylvania. Burnside crossed it in his vain attempt to carry the heights which Sedgwick took, Hooker led his army over to meet disaster at Chancellorsville. To name the cavalry movements on the Rappahannock would need a volume.

#### OUR VETERANS.

We give portraits of several of the Colonels of our veteran regiments, whose re-enlistment for the war has done more than perhaps any other act to determine the great struggle. It was the confident boast of the rebels and their Northern friends, that the soldiers would not re-enlist; but the brave men who had for three years upheld the flag of the country could not desert it. They rally again around their Colonels, to continue to the end the heroic history of the regiments.

Col. W. Krzyzanowski, Commanding 2d Brigade, 3d Division, 11th Army Corps.

Col. Krzyzanowski is a Polish gentleman, whose participation in one of the many struggles for freedom made him an exile. When the rebellion broke out in 1861 he was a resident of Washington and joined a militia company as a private, but was soon made Captain. After the term of its three months service, he received a commission to raise a rifle regiment in New York. In October he led from his city the 88th N. Y. S. V. He has since been in 13 battles, having, since July, 1862, commanded a brigade. At Cross Keys he particularly distinguished himself, and was the first to enter Gettysburg. During the battle his horse was shot under him while far in the advance, and he was with difficulty rescued. His brigade was sent to the West after the battle of Chancellorsville, and the recent glorious victory added to its high renown; Gen. Meigs saying in his report that he never thought these troops could fight as they did. All his regiments have re-enlisted, asking but one question—whether he was to lead them.

#### Col. George L. Prescott, 32d Mass. Vol.

Col. Prescott is a native of Middlesex county, Mass., and at the beginning of the war left his business in Concord to take the field as 1st Lieut. in the 5th Mass. militia. After three months' service with it, he raised a company for three years' service, which became the nucleus of the 32d Mass. volunteers, organized at first as a battalion under Major Parker. After some duty at Fort Warren, it was sent to Harrison's landing, July 4, 1862, and attached to the 1st division, 5th army corps. Capt. Prescott was soon made Lieut.-Colonel, and as such fought with his regiment at Antietam and Fredericksburg. After the latter battle, or the resignation of Col. Parker, he received the command of the 32d, and led it through the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, losing in the latter bloody fight one-third of his effective force. The remnant of the regiment—335 men—enthusiastically re-enlisted for the war.

#### Col. Orlando H. Morris, 66th N. Y. V.

Col. Morris is the son of Gen. Wm. L. Morris, an officer in the U. S. service in the war of 1812. He was born in New York, and graduated at Columbia College in 1854. He embraced the profession of the law, in which his father had already won distinction; but in Nov. 1861, left New York as Major of the 66th Volunteers.

His regiment was assigned to the 2d corps, forming part of the 3d brigade in the 1st division, and well distinguished the name. Capt. Prescott was soon made Lieut.-Colonel, and as such fought with his regiment at Antietam, under Pope; at South Mountain and Antietam, under McClellan; at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, as well as at Gettysburg and Bristow Station, under Meade. One hundred and fifty heroes came back with their Colonel, bearing their battle-torn flags, to re-enlist and gather other brave men around them.

Col. Morris has led his men in action, displaying skill, courage and intrepidity. He was severely wounded at Gettysburg, and deserves the high reputation he has acquired.

#### Lieut.-Col. Robert Avery, 102d N. Y. V.

Is a native of Wyoming valley, Pa., born Sept. 22, 1839. He entered the service as Captain in Sept. 1861, and with his regiment was at first employed in garrison duty near Washington. After Banks retreated to the Shenandoah valley, his regiment joined Sigel's army and fought desperately at Cedar Mountain, losing one-fourth its officers and men. It also took share in the other operations of Gen. Pope, and distinguished itself at Antietam. On the 1st of Jan. 1863, Capt. Avery was made Lieut.-Col. He led his men at the battle of Chancellorsville, receiving a severe wound—a Minie ball passing through his neck, carrying away a part of his lower jaw. From the effect of this he became paralyzed in the left side, and was for a time confined to the hospital. When his regiment was ordered to Tennessee he could not leave it, and though still suffering and often unable to leave his tent, took command of the advance line of skirmishers in storming Lookout Mountain at the last moment, and just as the battle was won, Col. Avery was struck in the right thigh by a bullet that shattered the bone so badly as to require amputation. He was again compelled to leave his regiment; but on the return of his regiment to New York on furlough after re-enlisting, he was so far recovered that he met them and resumed command. It is feared, however, that, with all his zeal, his wounds will prevent further active service.

#### Lieut.-Col. John McConihe, commanding 169th N. Y. Vols.

Is a citizen of Troy, N. Y., and a graduate of Union College. Having graduated at the Albany Law School in 1856, he removed to the far West, and located himself at Omaha, the capital of Nebraska Territory. He soon became Private Secretary to the Hon. W. A. Richardson, Governor of the Territory, and subsequently to Gov. Samuel W. Black, previous to which he creditably held the position of Adjutant-General of the Territory. In 1860 he was the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Omaha, but was overcome by the opposition.

At the first call to arms, in 1861, he was made Captain of a company of hardy frontiersmen in the famous 1st Nebraska regiment, and commanded it through the campaigns in Missouri and Tennessee in 1861 and 1862, and at the bloody battle of Shiloh was severely wounded, after displaying marked courage and ability throughout the two days' contest.

He was then promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the 169th New York volunteers, which gallant regiment Col. McConihe has ably commanded, to the satisfaction of all, since April last, in the campaign in Virginia, and during the siege of Charleston, S. C. His soldiers in Troy, N. Y., recently sent him, at Folly Island, S. C., a costly sword, with silver scabbard, mounted in gold and inlaid with jewels, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his fortitude and endurance as displayed throughout the war. For months Col. McConihe was campaigning with his wound yet unhealed, the shattered arm unserviceable, and is a young officer of untiring energy, undaunted courage and established ability.

#### Patrick Kelly, Colonel of the 88th Regiment New York Volunteers,

AND Acting Brigadier-General of the Irish Brigade, was born at Castle Hackett, near Tuam, county of Galway, Ireland, in the year 1822, and emigrated to the United States in 1849. He joined the 69th regiment N. Y. S. M. in 1852, and passing through all the grades from private to captain, accompanied that regiment when called to the defence of the capital of the Nation, and for his gallantry upon the historic battlefield of Bull run was commissioned as Captain in the 16th regiment U. S. infantry.

On the return of the 69th regiment to New York, Capt. Kelly took an active part in the organization of the Irish Brigade, and entered the field with it, as Lieut.-Col. of the 88th regiment, and was promoted to the Colonelcy after the celebrated "seven days' fight."

Gen. Meagher having resigned in May, 1863, Col. Kelly has since commanded the Brigade.

A courteous gentleman, a true friend, and a brave soldier, the Union army has no better representative than Col. Kelly as "the man for Galway."

Col. Kelly commanded the 88th in every battle which took place on the Peninsula, and from Antietam to Gettysburg, and is now actively engaged in recruiting this famous veteran regiment at Tammany Hall.

#### "THE FREEDMAN," BY WARD.

THE statuette, by Ward, in the last exhibition of the Academy of Design is a beautiful work of art, and typifies a great fact in the American history. The question of slavery in the United States is no longer debatable. Even those who find scriptural, ethnological, agricultural and economical reasons to support the right of one man or race to hold another in bondage, admit that the question is as dead as any discussed and settled centuries ago. The negro comes forth from this war as the statue represents him, with limbs freed from the shackles, with new aspirations, new hopes and a new future depending on himself in a great measure. A new social organization will emerge from the present chaotic condition of the Southern States.

THE handsome contribution made by the proprietors of the Universal Clothes Winger to the Sanitary Fair, Brooklyn, viz.: 500 machines, is realizing \$300 dollars per day. They are a useful household article, and will net the commission \$3,500. This is the largest presentation yet made, and we shall be happy to announce any similar donations.—New York Journal of Commerce.

#### THE DEVIL'S SONATA.

In a recent work on dreams we find many curious anecdotes illustrating that singular faculty of the animal mind, for it is not confined to the human, since we all see instances in which it may be assumed for granted that cats, dogs and horses dream. As a proof of how intensely a dream may affect the mind, we quote the anecdote of Tartini, the celebrated violinist, the Psalmist of his day, who wrote that wonderful theme called the Devil's Sonata under the inspiration of a dream:

"M. de Lalande has left us the particulars from Tartini's own mouth, which demonstrates to what a degree the imagination, during sleep, may be influenced: 'He dreamed, one night, in 1713, that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions, and during this vision everything succeeded according to his wish. He imagined he presented to the arch-fiend his own violin, in order to discover what kind of a musician he was; when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, which he executed with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprise and an exquisite delight, that for a time it deprived him of the power of breathing. He awoke with the violence of his sensations, and instantly seized his fiddle, in the hope of expressing what he had just heard, but in vain. He, however, directly composed a piece, and called it the 'Devil's Sonata.' He knew it, however, to be so inferior to what his sleep produced, that he stated he would have broken his instrument and abandoned music for ever if he could have substituted by any other means."

#### ANOTHER WESTERN ROMANCE.

THE *Wheeling Register* (Va.), gives the particulars of a double elopement, which reads more like a tale in the *Budget of Fun*, or one of Dumas' fictions, than a sober reality. We give it in the words of the *Register*:

One day last week, Mrs. Emma Goodwin, of Noble county, Ohio, started from her home to go to Pennsylvania, to visit some relatives residing in Greene county, in that State, leaving her husband and two small children, aged, respectively, about five and seven years, and a hired girl, at home "to keep house." Her husband amply provided her with funds to pay her way before her departure. About the same time, Mr. George Taylor, who resides in the same neighborhood, and who was able to rejoice in the possession of a handsome wife and two little "pledges of affection," started West "on business," but, somehow or other, he took the wrong road and arrived in Wheeling about the same time with Mrs. Emma G. They remained at one of our hotels over night, passing as man and wife, and the next morning took the Pittsburgh train. It seems that, after two or three days' travel, they brought up at Cleveland. Arriving just before meal time, after a hastily prepared toilet they passed to the dining-room and were seated near the head of the table—Mrs. Emma immediately opposite her husband, and Mr. Taylor immediately opposite his wife!

It seems that a day or two after Mrs. Goodwin left her home, Mr. G. took it into his head to attempt to seduce Mrs. Taylor from her "sacred allegiance to her lord," and induce her to elope with him to her husband's absence—in which it seems he had but little trouble in succeeding—neither of them ever dreaming that their companions were just then committing like acts.

The scene that ensued after a mutual recognition at the Cleveland dinner table was neither tragic nor ridiculous, as might be imagined; but like philosophical people who find themselves in a "very bad spell" would do, they quietly, and as if moved by some secret understanding, withdrew to a private room, when they arranged that each man should take his own wife, and go back to their homes and children, and try and live wiser and better men and women in the future.

#### A JANUARY STAGE RIDE—AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *St. Louis Democrat* gives his experience in a trip by the stage from Sedalia to Springfield, Mo., during the recent cold term. The distance is 120 miles, and the ordinary time 36 hours. The trip occupied 50 hours. When the coach left Sedalia the thermometer stood at 14 degrees below zero. The sufferings of passengers, drivers and animals were intense. We extract a single incident of the trip:

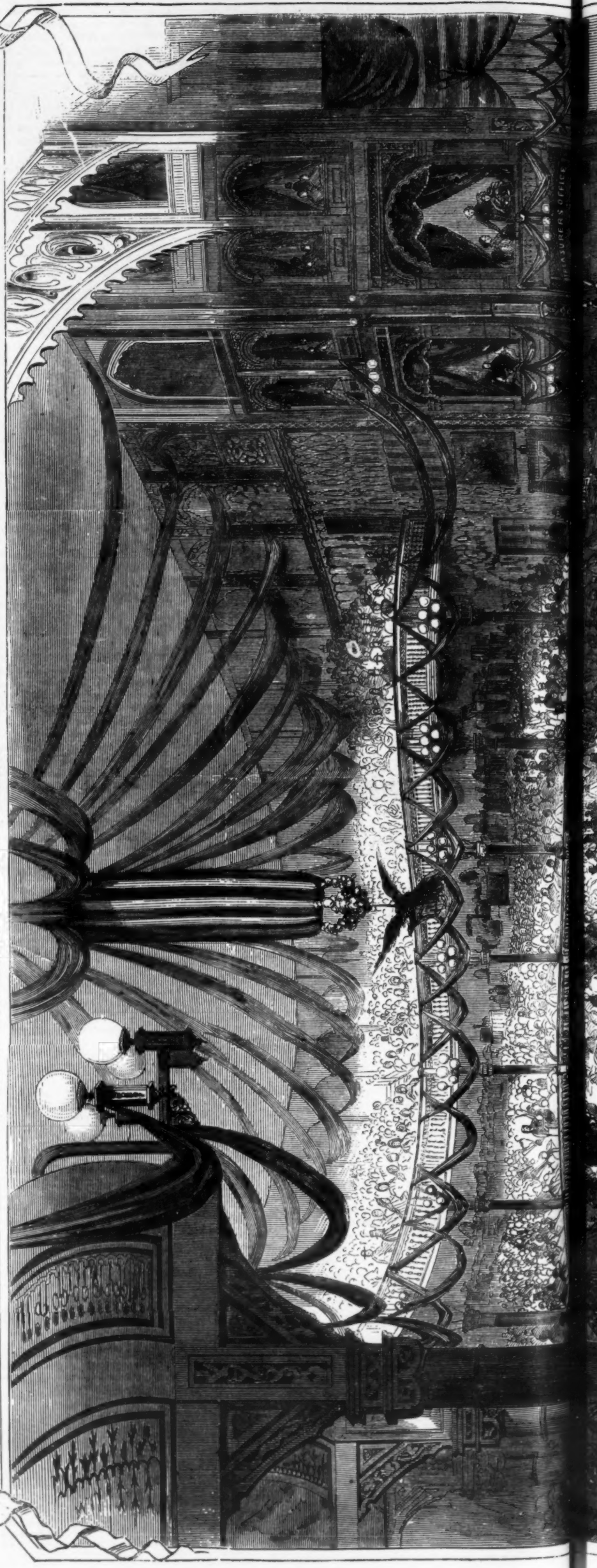
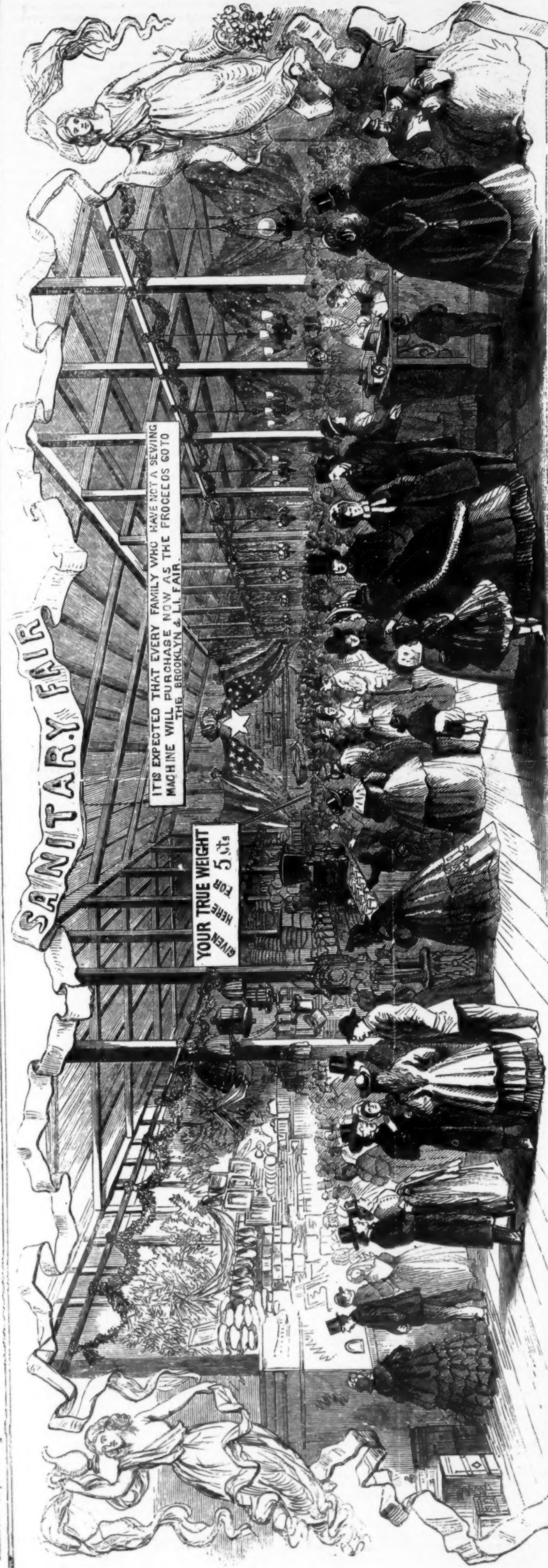
"At the different houses where we stopped, and we stopped at nearly every one on the road, the inmates, men, women and children, were huddled around the chimney-corner discussing only one thing—the cold. The second night out was equally as cold as the first, and the first was as cold as charity. My companions in the cold remained with me until eight o'clock of the second night—so the driver told me; for, when I awoke at 10 o'clock from a cold dose, into which I had fallen about seven P. M., I found them gone. I was not alone, however, when the stage halted at a house about 10 miles from Bolivar, where a lady and child took passage for the latter place.

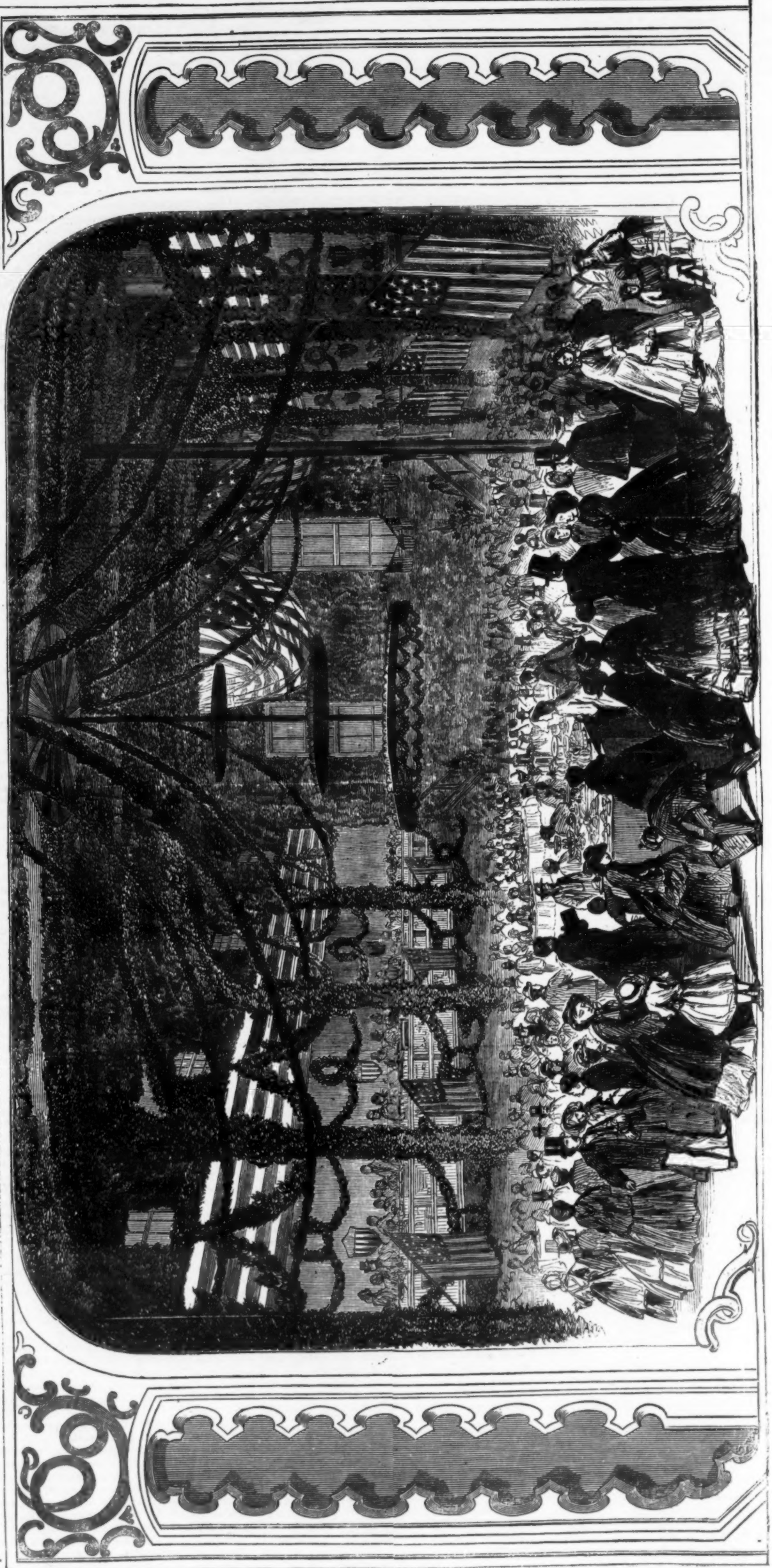
"She was plainly but comfortably clad, and in conversation I found her possessed of no mean intellect. She had received word that her husband, who is in the army, was dangerously ill at Bolivar, and thither she was going. Every few miles we stopped to warm, and at each place, until within about five miles of her destination, the mother took the babe, an infant of 15 months, into the different houses. It was nearly four o'clock in the morning, and we were within five miles of Bolivar, when the stage drew up at a rude cabin, where the driver informed us we could get warm, and that he would not halt again before reaching the town.

"I got out and assisted the lady to alight, when we entered the domicile. I noticed that she was not carrying the child, and asked her where it was. 'I have wrapped it up and laid it on the seat, as I was afraid if the wind blew on it it might catch cold,' was her reply. I told her she had better bring it in, as it would certainly freeze. She said, 'No, it is warm and will sleep.' We remained in the house half an hour and re-entered the stage. The baby was still lying on the seat, and the mother, after she picked him up, remarked, 'He is asleep yet.'

"Not a whisper, not a cry proceeded from that child during the remainder of the trip. The wind moaned pitifully. Closely the mother nestled her babe to her bosom. We reached Bolivar before it was yet day, cold, chilled almost beyond the endurance of nature. I went into the tavern, accompanied by mother and child. Walking up the lane, the mother said to me, 'Did you ever see such a good baby—he hasn't cried to-night? It was half an hour before the fire was made, not one being out of bed when we went in.'

"You have often seen—perhaps you have been a party to it yourself—persons on a cold day, entering a room, congregate and remain around a stove where there was no fire, and, as is usual in such cases, always the coldest place in the room. So it was with us; we drew a chair to the cold fireplace and awaited the kindling, which in time followed. The fire was lighted, and soon gave out its grateful offering of heat. The child remained wrapped up; it was quiet. His mother repeated, 'He is asleep yet.' He was asleep, not a cry proceeded from that child was frozen to death, in this world, he is asleep yet.' Death spared him the colds of earth—he was 'roached into Paradise.'





THE SANTARY FAIR, BROOKLYN.—1. THE HEAVY GOODS DEPARTMENT. 2. VIEW OF THE AUDITORIUM. 3. VIEW OF KNICKERBOCKER HALL.

## THE HAUNTED HALL.

BY M. A. E.

Was that a footstep I heard in the hall,  
In the dark corner, up close to the wall?  
Was it a whisper that fell on my ear?  
Strange, weirdlike noises I frequently hear,  
Sitting alone in the dim twilight gray,  
Listening for voices long since passed away.

Footsteps I hear every night on the floor,  
Steps light and buoyant, that pause at my door;  
While fingers raising the latch brown with rust,  
Forms long since mouldered and crumbled to dust,  
Gliding across the old sitting-room floor,  
Up to the window that looks on the moor.

"Haunted the Hall is," my neighbors all say;  
It may be—I'm old and am passing away.  
Haunted by loved ones, by glances and tones,  
By names that shine coldly on white marble stones;  
Haunted the Hall is by sweet childhood's call,  
Floating and swelling throughout the old Hall;

Haunted by steps of the bride blushing fair;  
Haunted by voice of the hoary of hair;  
Haunted by sleepers borne out at the door,  
Borne to the churchyard to greet us no more;  
Haunted by bridal, by birth and by death,  
Spectres are watching my every breath!

Counting the strokes of the hammer of life,  
Watching the sands with old memories rife,  
Numbering the locks fast bleaching with years,  
Soothing my sorrows and calming my fears.  
Footsteps are pacing, familiar tones call,  
Shadows are darkening the old Haunted Hall.

Longer and deeper the shadows have grown,  
Grayer and blacker the white marble stone,  
Dampened and chill is the air of the Hall,  
Loud and alarming my heart's throbbings fall,  
Flitting and beck'ning the wan spectres all,  
Slowly and surely I'm quitting the Hall.

## The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE storm had abated, but still the sea rose tempestuously, and broken clouds filled the sky as with great whirlpools and drifts of smoke. A good deal of rain had fallen, and this calmed the waters somewhat, but other remnants of the tempest made the most experienced seaman look anxious when his face was turned seawards. An assistant pilot, whose duty lay in that range of the shore, had been a good deal injured in helping to save the crew of that ill-fated vessel. His comrades had carried him up to the tavern, and laid him on a settee in the bar-room, where he grew worse and worse, till he became incapable of being removed to more comfortable quarters. In this state North found him on the second day after the wreck, when he came up from the village, where he had sought accommodations till the coroner's inquest should be over, and his room cleared of its mournful incumbrance.

Independent of his personal injury, the boatman was suffering from intense anxiety regarding the duties of his occupation. It had been his employer's pride to be always first in the incoming course of the California steamers, and now his little craft lay with its sails furled in a cove below the house, waiting for a signal to put to sea. The man had been very anxious to intercept the steamers of that month, because it was thought that Mr. Mellen might possibly be on board, and he was sure of a good round sum, in that case, for bringing that gentleman on shore, while his superior, the pilot, took the steamer into port.

North heard all these muttered regrets as he sat gloomily in the bar-room, and they seemed to affect him far more than so unimportant a subject should have done. It was now drawing towards night, and the man became terribly restless, for the pilot was expected every moment, and from a vague conjecture the poor fellow worked his mind up into a certainty that Mellen would come, and the reward for bringing him on shore be lost.

"If there was only a man about that could take care of the craft," he said, "I'd divide with him a fair half to take my place, but there isn't, and ten chances to one the boss loses his chance with the steamer, all because of this confounded foot of mine. I wish we'd let the fellows drown; well, not quite so bad as that, but it's plaguery hard on a fellow to give up his luck in this way."

The bar-room happened to be empty just then, with the exception of North and the injured man. North aroused himself and looked around. Seeing no listeners near, he went up to the grumbler, and began to console with him.

"Is there no one who can take your place?" he said.

"Not a man. These fellows do well enough in fishing boats that can hug the shore, but sometimes the boss runs his craft clear out to sea. Besides, this weather is enough to frighten a fresh hand," was the impatient answer.

"What if I should make an offer to go?"

"You!"

The man laughed in spite of his pain and annoyance.

"You. I like that."

"But I can handle a boat in pretty rough waters, let me tell you, my man."

"But you look too much of a gentleman. The boss would never trust you."

"Oh, a suit of your clothes, which I see they have had sense enough to dry, and a few things I have on hand will make that all right."

"But, how much? how much?" inquired the man, anxiously.

"Why, nothing; I shall go for the fun of it, or not at all."

"That's the idea," answered the seaman, rubbing his hands with sudden delight, "a real gentleman and no mistake, but bear a hand at once. It won't do for the commodore to find you in this rig."

"Aye, aye," answered North, sailor fashion, and in a voice that seemed hoarse from years of sea-dog service.

The man started up on the settee, aroused to the action by astonishment.

"That's the time o' day," he cried in high glee.

North laughed, snatched up the seaman's clothes, and retired with them into a little room back of the bar. He had got over the first shock of nervousness regarding the dead body lying upstairs, but still shrunk from looking on it again with shuddering terror. The remembrance of his crime did not prevent the contemplation of another equally atrocious, but he did not care to look on that sight again. After a little he came out from the room, so completely changed that the sick man stared wildly at him, and called out,

"Where away, messmate; are you one of the fellows we saved from the wreck?"

North laughed, settled himself in his loose clothes, sailor fashion, and walked with wide steps across the floor, as if it had been a quarter-deck; a dawning conviction of the truth seized upon the man. He fell back upon the settee, uttering broken ejaculations of delight amid his laughter.

"That'll do. It's all right. He'll take you for one of the chaps we saved from the wreck, and ask no questions."

"It's going to be a roughish night," said North. "I hope your Mr. Mellen can swim, if we happen to get into any trouble."

"No, no, don't depend on that, but he knows the coast, and is as brave as a lion; still I shouldn't like him to be brought into danger, remember that."

"It's not at all likely that he'll be on board," answered North, carelessly.

"Hush up," cried the seaman, "don't you hear the commodore coming? They've just told him about this confounded foot. Hear him swear."

The pilot came in while his assistant was speaking.

"What the thunder is all this about? just when I wanted you most, too, and a rough night. They'll get ahead of us, and all through this confounded wrecking business. Couldn't you keep out of it for once?"

"Keep a stiff upper lip, commodore. It's all right," cried the man, pointing to North; "here's a chap I have done a service to, who is willing to take my night's work on himself, just out of gratitude. He's a safe hand."

"Let him bear away, then," cried the pilot, casting a glance at North, which seemed to prove satisfactory; "come on, my man, we have no time to lose."

North followed the pilot in silence, only stopping by the sick man long enough to whisper, "Don't mention this to a living soul!"

The man promised and kept his word.

The pilot boat was soon unmoored and flying out to sea like a stormy petrel. North performed his duty well, and received a word or two of commendation from the superior, which proved the efficacy of his disguise, for he had seen this person more than once at the shore tavern.

At last they came in sight of a large steamer laboring heavily with a roughish sea and uncertain wind. She hailed them, and the little boat bore down upon her. She lay to, and the pilot mounted her side, after giving some directions to his man. A crowd of persons met him as he leaped over the bulwarks, and among them North searched with burning eagerness for that one face. It appeared at last, looking down upon the boat from over the bulwarks. The bad man's heart rose to his mouth; he watched every movement on deck with keen interest.

The pilot came to Mellen's side, and made a signal for the boat to wait. Then some luggage was lowered and Grantley Mellen came down the side of the steamer, and took his seat in the little craft, which flew away with him towards the clouded shore. The wind increased as they sped along, and though not so terrible as it had been when that vessel was wrecked, it gradually rose to a degree of violence that threatened the little pilot boat with destruction. But the wind blew shoreward, and urged the boat on till it fairly leaped over the hissing waves. A dismal twilight came on, and the storm was rapidly increasing to its full power as they drew near the shore. The wind roared among the hills, and lashed the waters into foam, the rain beat heavily and chill as sleet, but Mr. Mellen sat cold and stern on his luggage, neither heeding the disguised boatman's ejaculations or offering to aid him in his difficult task.

It was a position to test the courage of the strongest man, and many a time it seemed that the wind and waves must conquer and swamp the light craft completely; but no matter how rude or sudden the shock, Mr. Mellen neither betrayed any anxiety, nor showed any more sympathy with the tolling boatman than if he had been a wooden machine.

The wind would seize his cloak and send it sweeping out like the wings of a great bird, but he only pulled it impatiently about him and sat quiet again, looking out through the stern night.

This perilous voyage was a long one, and its difficulties grew into actual peril as they neared the end. The wind seemed to come from every point at once, and tossed the boat about till it fairly leaped in the water, as if trying to escape from its combined enemies.

Suddenly the rain almost ceased, the clouds parted, and the moon cast a frightened glare over the scene. In the distance Mr. Mellen could see his own dwelling, with the broad sweep of woods

and waters beyond; then a sharp exclamation from his companion aroused him to the new dangers about them.

The boat had been swept in near the shore, in a spot where a ring of sunken rocks girdled the beach, breaking the waves into whirlpools, and sending the white foam out into the storm. It was in this spot that good ship had gone down, yet the boatman made no effort to veer his little craft from the awful danger, but with a furious light in his eyes and a horrid smile on his lips, bore down upon the breakers. True, it required almost superhuman strength to turn the course of that light craft, for the blast was dashing it forward like a battalion of fiends. They were close upon the breakers, when Mellen sprang up, pushed the boatman back with a violence that sent him headlong into the bottom of the boat, and seized the helm himself. Mr. Mellen struggled with all the power desperation gives a man, but his efforts were futile as those of a child. The boat spun round and round till they were fairly dizzy; another fierce blast; they were blown directly into the breakers. Mellen's agonized cry was answered by a hoarse murmur from his companion that sounded like a malediction. But before either could think or act a more violent blast coming up from the sea struck the skiff and whirled it in among the rocks. Now Mellen's eye kindled, and all the prudent force of his character came out. He knew every inch of the coast for miles each way. Through these boiling white breakers was a channel wide enough to carry them over, and towards that he forced the little craft, which seemed absolutely to leap through the breakers into the leaden current, where she rested one moment, trembling from stem to stern like a great crippled bird hunted to death by the elements.

North saw that they were in possible safety. He had not anticipated a storm so terrible as that, but had intended to swamp his boat in the breakers and swim ashore, leaving Mellen, who could not swim, as he supposed, to his fate. But now everything else was forgotten in a cowardly thirst for life. No man could exist for a moment in that awful riot of waters. He watched Mellen as he kept the boat steadily in the current with the keen anxiety of a man to whom death is the terror of terrors. She swept on, reeling and recoiling, along the narrow path into comparatively smooth waters. Mellen, still with one hand bearing down the helm, seized the cable and flung it towards the disguised boatman, who lifted his wild face for the directions he had not the power to ask.

"Be ready," cried Mellen, with the quickness of resolution which marked his character, "jump out as she nears that rock—we are safe then."

He seized his carpet-bag, and they both stood upright in the boat, saying to and fro, but managing to retain their position.

Again the hope of safety seemed a delusive one; the skiff swooped away from the rock, spun more giddily about and threw both men upon their knees. Another instant that seemed endless—an instant which decided the fate of both—as far as this world was concerned. If the skiff obeyed the counter blast that was upon them and swept towards the breakers, they were lost; still there was a hope, if it veered upon the rock which loomed hopefully out from the shore. The moon gave light enough to enable them to watch the scene and see their danger. Again the conflicting blasts struck them; the boat reeled, righted itself and was dashing by the rock, upon which the two men sprang by a simultaneous movement. A few more vigorous leaps and they reached the shore, standing there for a moment in breathless awe. Then they commenced hauling in the crippled boat, which the blast had seized upon and was tearing out to sea.

"Safe!" cried Mellen, in a tone of hearty thanksgiving. "But I did think that the brave little craft would go down."

"Safe and defeated!" muttered North, turning his face from the wind. "The storm that helped me two days ago proves treacherous now."

"Come!" shouted Mellen, lashing the cable to a stunted cedar that grew in a cleft of the rock, "come up to the house, we shall find a fire there and a glass of brandy. The old man will send some of his people for the luggage."

North made no answer, but moved off towards the house, which he passed. Then he walked moodily towards the village. Mellen went up to the tavern.

The light shone cheerfully through the uncurtained windows, and the stranger could see the inmates of the dwelling gathered about the tea-table and looking comfortable enough to make a strong contrast to the chill and darkness without.

"There is not the least change," he muttered, drawing his cloak more closely about him; "I could almost think I had been gone only since morning, instead of two years."

He hurried on to the house, and hardly waiting for his imperative knock to be answered, pushed open the door and entered the kitchen. The old fisherman looked tranquilly up at the intruder, keeping his knife poised in his hand, not easily to be ruffled in his serenity, while the younger members of the family stared with all their might to see what the storm might have blown to their dwelling.

"Good evenin', sir," said the old man; "it's a nasty wet night—won't you sit down?"

"I want a horse and a man," said Mellen, closing the door behind him, but betraying by the haste in which he spoke, and his impatient movements, that he was too hurried for much attention to the old man's attempt at civility. "I want to go to the other end of the bay—can you let me have a horse and some one to look after my luggage?"

"What, to-night?" demanded the old man. "Why you can't want to go round the bay to-night."

"I should not have come for a horse if I had not wished to get home," said Mellen, impatiently. "Let me have a horse at once; I am in great haste."

"Taint a decent night to put a dog out doors," returned the fisherman; "it's a good deal mor'n likely you'd get swamped in the marsh."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mellen. "I know this part of the country too well to believe this. There is no more risk than in this room."

The old man's obstinacy was roused, and he had a full share of that unpleasant quality when he chose to call it into action.

"Mebby you know more about it than I do," he grumbled; "but I've lived here a goin' on thirty years, and ort to be a leetle acquainted with this coast, and I say I ain't a going to risk my critters sich a night. If there ain't no danger taint fit to send any horse out in this storm."

"I can't stand arguing here," Mellen began, but the old man unceremoniously interrupted him in order to gratify his curiosity.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked.

"Over to Piny Cove."

"Mr. Mellen's place! Why it's good three mile—"

"Don't you know me, old friend?" exclaimed Mellen, throwing back his cloak.

The old fisherman rose in astonishment, while his married daughter, who kept his house and owned the flock of children, called out:

"Why, pa, if it ain't Mr. Mellen!"

"I thought I knowed your voice," said the fisherman. "So you've got back! Wal, wal! You've been gone a good while. California, wa'nt it?"

"So you can't wonder at my impatience when I find myself so near home," said Mellen.

"In course, in course," replied the old man. "But, dear me, you'll have to wait till Jake comes in, and I do expect he'll grumble awful at having to start out agin'."

"I will pay him his own price—"

"Oh, you allays was freehanded enough, I'll say that, Mr. Mellen. But sit down by the stove; Jake'll come in a few minutes. Mebby you'd try a cup of tea?"

But Mr. Mellen refused the proffered hospitality, and though he walked up to the fire, he neither sat down or paid much attention to the questions the old man hazarded.

As he stood there, though his restless movements betrayed his impatience, there was little trace of it visible in his face, whose cold pride seldom revealed the emotions which might be stirring at his heart. He was dressed in his sea-clothes, which hung about him in wet masses. His face was bronzed by the exposure of a long sea voyage, but he was still a man of imposing presence, and retaining so thoroughly all his old haughtiness of manner, that even the old man, in his fever of curiosity, felt the same hesitation at questioning him too far that had always awed the villagers when Mr. Mellen formerly dwelt among them.

"I s'pose you've seed a sight sence you went away," said the old man, as he pushed his chair towards the fire. "All them gold mines; though I don't s'pose you went to work at them. People wondered at your going off in such a hurry—"

"Do you think that man will be here soon?" interrupted Mr. Mellen.

The fisherman felt ruffled and injured at having his gossiping propensities cut short in that manner, but that instant a step sounded on the stone porch without, and he said, grumblingly:

"There he is. I s'pect there'll be a touse about getting him to go."

But Mr. Mellen took the matter in his own hands when the man entered, and the liberal offer he made speedily put Jake in excellent spirits for the expedition.

"My baggage must be disposed of first," said Mr. Mellen. "Some one must get it from the pilot-boat."

"Jake and I'll fetch it in here," returned the old man.

"Then I will send for it in the morning," observed Mr. Mellen.

While they went down to the shore and were bringing in the trunks Mr. Mellen stood by the fire, quite regardless of the curiosity with which the children regarded him, or several modest attempts at conversation made by the old man's daughter:

"Your clothes are wringing wet; hadn't you better get some things of father's and start dry?"

"No," answered Mellen, glancing at the waterproof carpetbag which he had seized on leaving the boat, remembering that it contained important papers. "I have some things in here, and they will find my macintosh in the boat."

He left the room while speaking, and, knowing the house well, went upstairs, in order to change his wet garments. The young woman ran a step or two after him with a little cry of dismay, but turned back, seized with terror of the dead body, against which she would gladly have warned him.

Mellen had taken a candle from the table when he left the kitchen, and entered the little room upstairs with it flaring in his hand. It did not illuminate the whole chamber, but a cold feeling of awe crept over the man as he stepped over the threshold, and a shudder, which sprang from neither cold nor wet, passed over him.

With a trembling hand he set the light on a little pine table and looked around. A bed stood in the further corner of the room, a great and coldly white bed, on which a human form was lying in such awful stillness as death alone knows.

Breathless and obeying a terrible fascination, he went up to the bed and drew down the coarse linen sheet. A beautiful face, chiselled from the marble of death, lay before him, with a cold smile on the lips, and the blue of the eyes, that had been like violets, tinged the white lids that covered them. Masses of rich chestnut hair were gathered back from the face, and over the bosom, struck cold in the bloom of life, two white hands were folded in an attitude of solemn prayerfulness.

As Mellen gazed on this cold vision his face grew white with terrible emotions. Moment after moment crept by and he did not move. At last,

reaching forth his hand, he touched the woman's hair, then a convulsion of grief swept over him, his eyes filled, his lips quivered and he fell upon his knees, crying out:

"Oh, woman, woman, have they driven you to this?"

The stillness which was his only answer crept to his heart. He arose, covered the face of his false love, and quitted the room, leaving the candle behind. He could not bear to leave her thus alone in grim darkness.

"Oh, sir, I am so sorry. It was dreadful to let you go upstairs to dress and find that," cried the woman, in a tumult of self-reproach.

"When did it happen?" he questioned, in a hoarse voice. "When and how?"

"Day before yesterday. It was washed ashore from the wreck."

Mellen turned away and asked no more questions.

### ADVENTURE WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

We were approaching a deep basin, where the water of the river made up among the trees, when Jot discovered a commotion just ahead of the boat. He stopped paddling and caught up the spear which lay by his side. The water was clear enough to show us a young hippopotamus making off out of our way as swiftly as possible. Harry caught the spear and let drive, striking the animal in the neck. There was a cord of buffalo hide attached to the end of the spear-shaft, and as the barbed iron fastened itself in the calf's flesh, old Ben, who stood by Harry's side, caught the coil and began to pay out.

Thus far all had gone very pleasantly, and we were promising ourselves a vast deal of sport, besides a fat morsel of sea-calf, when Abner clapped his hands and uttered an exclamation of terror. I looked in the direction pointed out and saw a terrible commotion in the water just ahead, and to the left; and before we could take any precautionary measures, the head and shoulders of an enormous hippopotamus appeared above the water. Ben dropped the line and started back, while Jot seized his paddle and tried to take us out of harm's way; but his movement was too late. The hippopotamus opened her monstrous jaws and crushed the bows of our boat as though it had been a thing of reeds. We had attacked her calf and she was bound upon revenge. As we started back towards the stern she seized the boat again, this time dragging it completely under and throwing us all into the water, and for a few moments there were such cries of terror as I think I never heard from our party before.

It happened very fortunately for us that the hippopotamus stopped to vent her wrath upon the shattered boat; for, had she not done so, some of our number must have inevitably fallen victims to her fury. One of the thwarts of the boat, a wide board of light wood, had come within my reach; and as I rested upon it I had time for thought.

The nearest point of shore was about 100 yards distant, and towards that my companions were swimming with all their might. Abner was ahead and Ben was in the rear. But where was Jot? I saw him at length clinging to a part of the wreck, behind which he was hiding from the enemy. My pistols were in my belt, and as my board gave me considerable support I had my hands at liberty. The eaps of my pistols were waterproof, so I knew they would not fail me in case I had an opportunity to use them.

The hippopotamus left the fragments of the boat and started towards me, and at the same moment I saw Jot leap out upon a plank in her wake. The monster came on, with her head and back out of water, looking like a mountain of moving flesh. If she reached me I was gone; but fear did not make me meek. As she came nearer, and I could see her horrible teeth, I raised myself upon my board, and took deliberate aim at one of her eyes. As I have before remarked, my pistols were of the heaviest hunting pattern, and carried a good-sized ball. I fired, and the hippopotamus was minus an eye. She gave a loud bellow of pain, and plunged under the water, and when she came up again she knocked the board from under me, giving me a shock that for a few seconds completely soothered my senses. I recovered myself, however, and regained my board, and just then I saw Jot coming up with his knife in his hand. He was close upon the hippopotamus, and presently he lifted himself upon his plank, and drove his long, sharp blade into the monster's back, half-way between the hip and the tail.

This movement had a curious effect upon me. My fear was all gone in a moment, and I felt a keen relish for the sport.

"Colonel," cried Jot, as he held on to the handle of his knife, "can't you put out her other eye?" It was the very thing I had thought of, and directly the opportunity was offered. I was nearer to my mark than before, and fired with perfect coolness, and the result was, that the hippopotamus was utterly blind and roaring with pain. The enormous brute plunged and tore about for a little while, and finally struck out towards the shore, Jot still clinging to his knife, and trying to guide the living mass. Whether his efforts at steering the eyeless monster amounted to anything or not, I cannot say, but the hippopotamus came to the shore not twenty yards from where Harry and Abner had landed, and after this we had no difficulty in dispatching her.

We had lost the boat, but we did not lose the spear, for the calf had struggled to the shore, and was almost dead when we found it. We sent Jot up after some of the natives, and when they came—about a hundred of them—we pulled the dead hippopotamus ashore and measured it. The body, from the end of the nose to the base of the tail, measured thirteen feet; the girth, just back of the shoulders, was thirteen feet and four inches, and the jaws were a trifle over two feet wide. It will be remarked that this was a female. A male of the same age would have been much larger.

The Hartford Courant relates the following good story: "In a little more than twenty miles from this city a woman took her infant female child to church to be christened, and had chosen for it the name of Lucy. Unlucky, as it happened, the mother slipped, and when asked by the minister what name she had selected, replied, 'Lucy, thir.' Understanding her to say 'Lucifer,' the man of clerical robes was, naturally, considerably shocked; but as he had reached a point in the proceedings where the dignity of his office must be sustained, he controlled his feelings, and not recognizing the horrible name given him, but supposing the child to be a boy, announced, in loud tones, the name of the little one to be 'George Washington.' The feelings of the mother may be imagined."

### REMINISCENCE.

THE south wind wars against the cold  
With spears of silver rain;  
The trickling mountain steeps have rolled  
Their garments on the plain.

With thousand thousand violet eyes  
Awakening earth surveys  
The long unwonted light that lies  
On all the woodland ways,

And blithe the chanting waters haste  
And sparkle to the deep;  
But what, O earth! repays the waste  
And ravage of thy sleep?

'Twas morning; from the chill, dead sky  
Faint gleams of lustre broke,  
Like last gold leaves hung tremblingly  
Upon a haggard oak.

Like ghosts by tombs, the willows white  
Stood weeping by the yew;  
Her dark and pinching mantle tight  
The moody cypress drew.

There, bowed between the gravestone flat  
And column-crowning urn,  
We loth and lingering gave thee that  
Thou never wilt return.

Then prophesy with blade and bud  
The blossom and the grain;  
Recall thy singer to the wood,  
And bid him build again;

Thou canst not charm us to forget  
The captive of thy mould,  
Or pay us with a violet  
For aught thou hast in hold.

### COUNSELLOR SAM NEVINS.

THERE is a great unwritten history, that of the establishment of judicial authority, and the bar, in the West, as emigration stretched out towards the setting sun. There is a great fund, not only of wonderful humor, but of great knowledge of human character embodied in the record, written and unwritten, of the early lawyers of frontier courts; many of them men of a high order of talent, perhaps graceful backers-out from Eastern courts, to keep from being thrown over the bar; and others, natives of the soil, self-educated, and trusting alone to their knowledge of the people and of human nature for success.

It is hard to tell of which of these styles Sam Nevins, or as he insisted upon being called, "Counsellor Sam Nevins," was. He had made his appearance in Southern Illinois, from nobody knew where, a bit of information the counsellor never afforded, and sticking up a shingle, gave out that he stood ready to practise in all the courts of that State, for a moderate consideration. In those days neither court, bar or people were disposed to be over fastidious, and as Sam was a good fellow, never flinching at a drink, or in a fight, he was soon doing up a rather clever business, and could Sam have managed to conquer his affection for "old bald face," every political and judicial honor might have been at his disposal. Under its influence, or in his courtship with it, Counsellor Sam was continually getting into scrapes, one of which I will relate to show the average.

The counsellor was acting for the prosecution in the Criminal Court of Jackson county, in the absence of the regular operator, who had gone East for a short spell. There was a murder case on, a very aggravated one, in which the perpetrator, a stout, brutal Irishman, had, for a small amount of plunder, beaten an old man to death. Upon this the counsellor had determined to spread himself, and had, as all the bar knew, made great preparations for a crushing speech. The stick, a short, hickory cudgel, about an inch and a half in thickness, was in Sam's possession, and at the right time he had determined to draw it forth from his desk, brandish it in the startled eyes of the murderer, before the jury, and carry everything by storm. Sam had prepared himself for this exciting movement by copious doses of "old rye," which he imbibed at intervals from a bottle in the desk, so arranged that as the counsellor bent down, apparently to look for some paper, a sup could be taken, though at wonderful inconvenience. At last came the moment. The counsellor was full of eloquence.

"Not in the broad, open day, gentlemen, when some resistance might have been made, but in the still and dead hour of night. Not with the pistol or the sword, the weapon of the gentleman, not even with a knife, but with this—"

And the counsellor slipped his hand into the desk, still keeping his flashing eye upon the jury, and in an instant was brandishing before the astonished court, a bottle prominently labelled "old rye!"

There had been too much similarity in the size of the bludgeon and the neck of the bottle, and though Counsellor Sam obtained a conviction, the magnificence of the close of his speech—for it did close just there—was not in the least helped along by the roar of court, bar, spectators and even the prisoner himself.

It must not be supposed that the counsellor was an indiscriminate drinker; on the contrary, he was particular in his drinking, and had often been heard to declare that the straight article, and that of domestic manufacture, was the only human tippie. His opinions on this point were once or twice openly expressed in the courts, a sample of which was in this way:

A case was on, Brown against Jones, to recover for a load of potatoes, and the counsellor was for the plaintiff. A dunderheaded New Hampshire

fellow had carted the potatoes, and Nevins was trying, by him, to show the delivery.

Counsellor: "Did you haul a load of potatoes to Mr. Jones's house?"

Witness: "Wal, s'pose I did, aquire."

Counsellor: "S'pose! Why, don't you know whether you did?"

Witness: "Wal, no; I was so cussed drunk all that week that I doan't 'member nuthin'."

Counsellor: "Drunk! Drunk! Why, didn't you tell Mr. Brown this morning that you hauled the potatoes?"

Witness: "Y—e—s. But you see, aquire, I warn't sworn then."

Counsellor (fiercely, and looking the witness full in the face): "Now, then, I want you to tell the court, all—every bit—you know about the matter, and mind what you are saying."

Witness (very deliberately): "Wal! Jones asked me to haul him up a load of tators from Deacon Brown's. I said I would, and I started to do it. I went down to old Joe Jimmerson's an' got my jug filled with rum, an' I doan't 'member a cussed thing after that for a week!"

Counsellor (with double fierceness): "Got your jug filled with what?"

Witness: "Rum—old Jamaica rum, aquire."

Counsellor (fairly jumping with excitement): "Get down off that stand, sir! Get out of this court-house; or, by the Lord, I'll throw you out of the window. Any man who drinks Jamaica rum isn't worthy of belief, on oath or off."

The scared witness did not wait for a second bidding, but was off like a shot.

It is only a natural sequence that Counsellor Sam should be somewhat oblivious of many social duties, arising out of his devotion to the rye. Among these shortcomings was that of a proper recognition of pecuniary obligations. It is not recorded that any creditor ever succeeded in collecting his small account from the counsellor, though Sam was full of promises. Here is a dun from a tired-out tailor and the counsellor's answer:

"JACKSON CITY, ILLINOIS.  
"DEER SIR—I send you my little bill inclosed, and want it paid rite off. The amount is \$14.60, which please remit by return mail, to save law expenses in collecting, which will be dun if you don't attend to it immediately.  
"Yours,  
"To Counsellor Samuel Nevins."

"JACKSON COUNTY COURT HOUSE.  
"MY VERY DEER SIR—I have just received a letter from you enclosing my little bill of Fourteen dollars Fifty cents (\$14.50), for which attention please receive my thanks. I would merely remark to you, before proceeding to other points, that your kind missive found me in good health and spirits, and though slightly misdirected, absolutely reached me. I have but one fault to find with it, my dear Walker, which is its brevity. Did I say only one fault? No! I have still another, which is the slight mistakes you have made in spelling. I am willing to admit—as you will possibly advance that argument—that great men, even greater than yourself—if such a thing can be—have sometimes fallen into the same error in their epistolary matters, but still the habit is a painful one to me, and I must call your attention to it. Why should you, my dear sir, spell "deer" with two e's. I am not one of the antiered denizens of the forest. Again, why should you say "pade rite," when all the rest of the world declares the true mode "paid rite?" Either all the world or yourself, in this case, must be wrong, my dear Walker! Once more, you say I must remit by "return mail." Whether you really mean this, I cannot say, but my dear sir, I do not know a male who is about to return to Jackson city. In that case, what can I do, my dears Walker? And now, my dear sir, we will proceed to business. You request me to remit the small sum of Fourteen dollars and Fifty cents (\$14.50) "to save law expenses in collecting."—I think, my dear Walker, that I use your own words—therefore, my dear sir, if you are driven to the unpleasant resource of so collecting your little bill, I trust you will not regard it in an unfriendly light should I recommend to you an attorney who will faithfully attend to your interests in the suit. I would, therefore, my dear Walker, recommend to your patronage Counsellor Sam Nevins, a rising lawyer, who is especially hard on debtors. By remitting the counsellor a retainer fee of \$20, he will at once give you an opinion. After this, if he should advise you to proceed with the suit, it will be necessary for you to send him \$50 more for drawing the complaint and bringing the case into court, after which the costs will be regulated by the length of time it is litigated. You needn't thank me for this advice, my dear Walker, as it really gives me pleasure to serve you in so small a matter.

"I must now close this little epistle, and I have only one request to make of you, which is that you will write me again. Do spare a moment for that purpose.  
"I am, my dear Walker, yours very truly,  
"SAM NEVINS,  
"Counsellor-at-Law."

"P.S.—I forgot to thank you for the respect that induced you to sign my name in full, "Samuel." I rarely have such a compliment extended to me in this benighted region. Give my love to your charming family, if you have one. Au revoir!"

"S. M."

I believe "my dear Walker" dropped the correspondence at that point, as I will Counsellor Sam, after one more reminiscence:

It was during a period when "a solemn conviction" had come upon Sam, and he had joined the church, and began to take great interest in questions of faith and theology, which he would discuss almost nightly at the house of the minister, though people would have it that the parson's pretty daughter had worked the great change. Sam had been retained as counsel by a near-by farmer, against whom a writ of *habeas corpus* had been got by his own father, the old man claiming that the young man was not fit to manage his property, and praying the court to appoint him manager. The old man was on the stand and Counsellor Sam was examining him.

Counsellor: "Now, then, Mr. Wilson, what first led you to suppose your son insane?"

Old man: "Cos he jined the merrin!"

The roar that went up just then startled the old man, who was perfectly innocent of the hit he had

made, as much as it nonplussed the counsellor, who, however, returned to the attack.

Counsellor: "Well, Mr. Wilson, what else did you see that made you think him insane?"

Old Man: "Why, he tuk to going to the parson's house and talkin' 'ligion with his darter."  
That killed Counsellor Sam Nevins.

### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THERE is but one vowel in the following literary curiosity:

No mouk too good to rob, or cog, or plot,  
No fool so gross to bolt Scotch collops hot,  
From donjon tops no Oronoko rolls,  
Logwood, not lotos, floods Oporto's bowls,  
Troops of old tosapots oft to set consort,  
Box tops, not schoolboys, fig for sport,  
No cool monsoons blow soft on Oxford dons,  
Orthodox, loggrot, bookworm Solomons!  
Bold Ostrogoths of ghosts no horror show,  
On London shop fronts no hopblossoms grow,  
To crooks of gold no dodo looks for food,  
On soft cloth footstools no old fox doth brood,  
Long stalwart sloops forlorn work on to port,  
Books do not roost on spoons, nor woodcocks short,  
No dog on snowdrop or on coltsfoot rolls,  
Nor common frog concocts long protocols.

WHAT is that which has got feet and nails, but no legs, toes or claws? A yard measure.

WHY should Africa rightly be considered to rank first of the continents? Because it bears the palm.

WHAT is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet he gave to each of his children? Parents.

THE man who collects the names of soldiers for the town records of Adams was recently the questioner in the following conversation, the "lady of the house" replying:

"Have you any friends in the war, madam?"

"No."

"Any relations?"

"No."

"Do you know anybody from this neighborhood who is in the army?"

"No."

As he was leaving a bright thought seemed to strike her, and she rushed to the door, exclaiming:

"Oh, my husband has gone to the war!"

WHY is a man in the stocks like one who abstains from eating? Because he is fast in (fasting).

"YOU rascal, do you ask me for money, and then take it right out of my pocket?"

"Oh, yes, your honor, I took it for granted."

THERE are as good horses drawing in carts as in coaches; and as good men are engaged in humble employments as in the highest.

A MAN that had been nearly drowned while bathing declared that he would not again go into the water until he had learned to swim!

THE Springfield Republican asks what military order is like a lady crossing the street on a wet day? Dress up in front and close up in the rear!

A LADY made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came home to dinner, she said:

"I have been to see Mrs. —."

"Well," replied the husband, "I suppose she is very happy."

"Happy! I should think she ought to be; she has a camel's hair shawl, two-thirds border."

A COUNTRYMAN was shown Gainsborough's celebrated picture of "The Pigs."

"To be sure," said he, "they be dearily like pigs; but there is one fault—nobody ever saw three pigs feeding together but what one on 'em had a foot in the trough."

CHARLES LAMB, in passing through Billingsgate, was witness to a quarrel and fight between two fishwomen, one of whom, taking up a knife, cut off her antagonist's thumb. "Ha!" said Lamb, looking about him, as if he had only just recognized the place, "this is Fair-lop fair!"

A HUMOROUS comment on artificial memory was made by a waiter at an hotel where Feinagle dined, after giving his lecture on artificial memory. A few minutes after the professor left the table the waiter entered, with uplifted hands and eyes, exclaiming: "Well, I protest the memory man has forgotten his umbrella!"

A FARMER, by chance a companion in a coach with Charles Lamb, kept boring him to death with questions in the jargon of agriculture about crops. At length he put a poser:

"And pray, sir, how are turnips 'treak?"

"Why, that, sir," stammered out Lamb, "will depend upon the boiled legs of mutton."

VOLTAIRE, after having been on terms of friendship with the King of Prussia, owing to his wit, gave some offence; when the King said to some of his courtiers:

"When we squeeze the orange and have sucked the juice, we throw the rest away."

"Then," said Voltaire, "I must take care of the peel!" and quitted his Prussian majesty's dominions.

A LOCAL EDITOR'S STATISTICS.—Local editors are evidently an "institution" of no little importance to the public, and as such any statistical information relating to their calling must be of public interest. So thinks, at least, the local editor of the Memphis Bulletin, who, after the manner of the insurance companies, banking institutions, state departments, charitable associations, other corporations, thus shows up his own individual annual report, and submits it to the public as follows:

REPORT.	TIMES.
Being asked to drink.	11,393
Drank.	11,393
Requested to retract.	415
Didn't retract.	415
Invited to parties, receptions, presentations, etc., by people fishing for puffs.	3,333
Took the hint.	33
Didn't take the hint.	3,300
Threatened to be whipped.	174
Been whipped.	4
Whipped the other fellow.	4
Didn't come to time.	170
Being promised bottles of champagne, gin, whiskey, bitters, rum, boxes of cigars, etc., if we would go after them.	3,650
Been after them.	1
Going again.	0
Been asked "What's the news?"	300,000
Tell.	13
Didn't know.	300,000
Lied about it.	999,987
Been to church.	2
Changed politics.	33
Expected to change still.	33
Cash on hand.	\$0.00
Gas for charity.	\$5.00
Gave for terrer dog.	\$3.90
Sweat off bad habits.	722,000
Shall sweat off this year.	720,000
Number of bad habits.	101,040

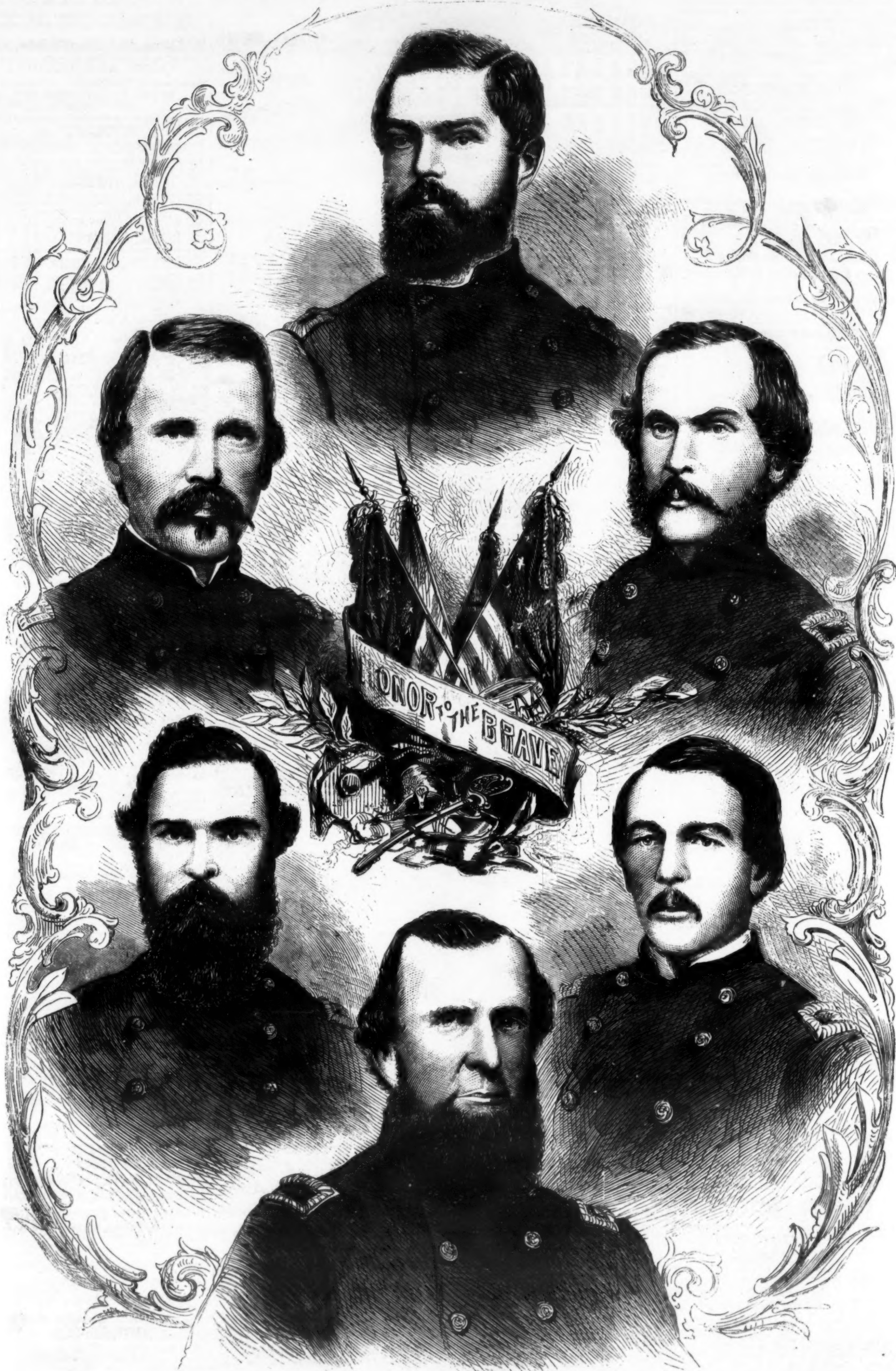
THE servant of a Prussian officer one day met a covey, who inquired of him how he got along with his duty master. "Oh, excellently!" answered the servant. "We live on very friendly terms; every morning we dust each other's coats; the only difference is, he takes his coat off to be dusted, and I keep mine on."



A VIEW ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK, NEAR THE RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.



THE SANITARY FAIR IN NEW YORK.—THE 22D REGIMENT ARMORY ON FOURTEENTH STREET NOW PREPARING FOR THE FAIR.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



Col. W. Krzyzanowski, 60th N. Y.  
Col. F. Kelly, 60th N. Y.

Lieut.-Col. E. Avery, 102nd N. Y.  
Col. G. L. Prescott, 2nd Mass.

Col. O. H. Morris, 60th N. Y.  
Lieut.-Col. J. McConahoe, 100th N. Y.

COLONELS OF VETERAN REGIMENTS RE-ENLISTED FOR THE WAR.

[illegible]

# J. H. Winslow & Co.

The Greatest Opportunity Ever Offered to Secure Good Jewellery at Low Prices.

100,000

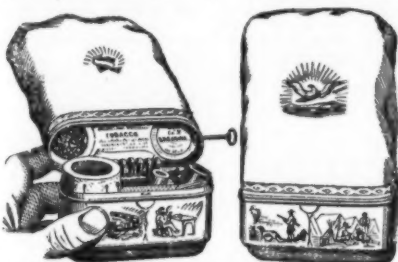
Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewellery, Gold Pens, Bracelets, Locketts, Rings, Gents' Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c., &c.

Worth \$500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for \$1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,  
208 Broadway, New York.

## THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT SMOKING CASE!



Most ingenious and its combination of two Metallic Cases, containing Pipe and Stem, Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome Tobacco Pouch attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and portable as a Cigar Case. It is made for service, of various and handsome styles, at \$1.50, \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$3 to \$3.75 and \$5; the two latter richly Plated and Engraved. Nothing can excel its Comfort, Utility and Economy for all Smokers. As a PRESENT TO FRIENDS nothing could be more acceptable.

FOR THE SOLDIER IT IS INVALUABLE.

The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco!

Of superior quality and flavor, in packages to fill the case (about a week's smoking, \$2.25 per dozen), and of various Sizes for the general Trade. A liberal discount to Dealers. Single Cases sent by mail, paid, on receipt of price, and 25 cents. Also, half dozen packages of this fine Tobacco; full weight sent (carefully put up) by mail, postage paid, on receipt of \$1.25.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,  
Office 429 Broadway, cor. Howard St., N. Y.

**Beauty.—HUNTS WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL.** Prepared by Madame Rachel Leveron, the celebrated Parisian Ladies' Enameler. It whitens the skin permanently, giving it a soft, satin-like texture, and imparts a freshness and transparency to the complexion which is quite natural, without injury to the skin. It is also warranted to remove freckles, pimples, sunburn, etc. Sent by mail, free from obligation, on receipt of price 30 cents. Address HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 134 South Seventh Street, and 21 South Eleventh Street, Philadelphia.

J. G. SCHULL.

MERCHANT TAILOR

33 Ann Street, New York.

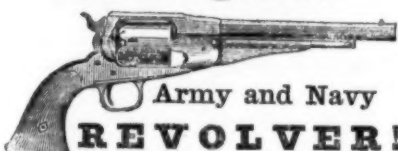
Has on hand a splendid assortment of French, English and German Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings which he is prepared to make up in the most fashionable style and in the most reasonable prices for cash.

**Do You Want Luxurious Whiskers or Mustaches?**

MY CREWENT will cause them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without the slightest injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post paid, to any address on receipt of no order.

A. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., N. Y.

Remington's



Approved by the Government.

Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind. Also Pocket and Belt Revolvers. Sold by the Trade generally.

D. REMINGTON & SONS,  
Ilion, N. Y.

Hawkes's Diamond Pointed Gold Pen

Medium Pen \$0.50 Commercial Pen \$1.25  
Large " 0.63 Mammoth " 1.50  
Engrossing " 0.75 Leviathan " 2.00

Also, Fountain Pens—one filling will write eight to fifteen hours. Send stamp for Circular.

GEO. F. HAWKES, Manufacturer,  
64 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Conjugal Resemblances,

Where Love begins and ends—Women's Wages—Matrimony—in the way—MONEY—its nature, use and abuse—ETHNOLOGY—Skulls and national character of the English, Scotch, German, French, Slavon, Finnish, Circassian, etc. The Colored Chaplain—Rev. H. M. TURNER—his likeness and a sketch of character—in the MARCH No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 15 cents, or \$1.50 a year.

FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

\$10 AGENTS \$10

And Dealers, Something New. The Traveller's Companion; or, Burglar's Proof Traveller's Lock. Samples sent by mail, 30 cents. Retail 25 cents. Send stamp for Circular.

S. W. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y.

\$60 A MONTH! I want Agents at \$60 a month, expense paid, to sell my Everlasting Pen, also, Oriental Burner, and 13 other articles. Circulars free.

JOHN P. LORD, 211 Ward, Me.

## NEW ARMY WATCHES!

The great New Army Watch, expressly for Soldiers, in very heavy Solid Silver Hunting Cases, fine English Lever Movement—Full Jewelled, with a handsome White Dial and Steel Cut Hands—Engine-turned, Engraved or Plain Cases. Warranted a perfect time-keeper for one year, \$15.

\$15 Gold Composite, same as above, exact imitation of the English Army Watch, \$15.

\$25 Fine Double Bottom Silver English Hunting Watch, Full Jewelled, Chronometer Balance, \$25.

\$35 OFFICER'S Watch—Genuine American Lever Watch, in 4 oz. Sterling Silver Case, Full Jewelled, Gold Joints and Double Bottom Cases, \$35.

\$45 American Lever, same as above, with Chronometer Balance, \$45.

\$11 Silver Hunting Watch, English Movement, \$11.

\$15 Lady's very small Hunting Gold Composite Watch, Beautifully Engraved, Magic Spring Sack Escapement, can scarcely be detected from Gold, \$15.

\$85 Splendid 18 karat Heavy Gold American Lever Watch, in 40 pennyweight Cases, \$85.

\$92 Same as above, with Chronometer Balance, \$92.

\$33 Gold Hunting English Lever Watch, Ruby Jewelled and Screw Balance—J. J. Tobias—\$33.

Constantly on hand Watches of Every Description.

We will send any of the above Watches on receipt of price, free of expense, to any address.

Registered Letters come at our risk if properly sealed.

All Watches Registered 20 cents extra.

Great inducements to Agents.

Send for our Circular.

Correspondents will give their address plain.

GEO. A. ELY & CO.,

IMPORTERS,

208 Broadway, N. Y.

Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de VISITE, latest importations. Also, New Books and Sporting Articles. Send for Circular.

PIERRE BIRON, 25 Ann St., N. Y.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES!

Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marling the beauty on either; and anything that will remove moth patches, without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, having devoted his whole time and attention to Diseases of the Skin will guarantee to remove Moth Patches, Freckles and other Discolorations of the Face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this as in other branches of his specialty—DISEASES OF THE SCALP AND LOSS OF HAIR—will warrant him in guaranteeing a CURE IN EVERY CASE. For particulars, address enclosing stamp.

DR. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, N. Y.

Wheeler & Wilson's Highest Premium



438-470 No. 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

R. W. BENICZKY,

At his well-known

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

No. 2 New Chambers Street,

Has now increased facilities to take Cartes de Visite as well as other Photographs, in the best style. Notwithstanding the increase in price of different materials, the charges are the same and the quality the best.

Card Pictures \$1.50 per doz.—\$5 for \$1.

Car. Vignettes \$3 per doz.

Large Size Photographs, 2 for \$1.

All other Photographs up to life size colored in oil or water in the most reasonable prices.

Particular attention given to Copying Cards or Autotypes into Large Photographs. The smallest or most defaced picture can be by the aid of his experienced artists, copied into a handsome photograph. Every attention paid to visitors wishing to examine the specimens.

Something that won't make you a Laugh. 5000 copies already sold. The Wonderful and Startling Adventures of Jeff Davis. It is full of mirth and humor. Sent everywhere (postpaid) on receipt of 15 cents. Address

FREDERICK L. DUTTON, Baltimore, Md.

Philadelphia Package Stationery.

ARMSTRONG & SHEPHERD having brought out R. & EIR and taken his rooms in Decatur Building, No. 31 South Third Street, offer to Traveling and Local Agents attractive inducements in new and improved styles of Stationery Pack, of large profits to Agents. Send orders and for Circulars. Phila., Feb. 1864.

"Diphtheria."

A certain preventive, and sure, and simple remedy for this sudden and dangerous disease, may be had by addressing (enclosed in a letter) or reply to

DR. OTIS C. LAIDLAW, 12 Astor Place, N. Y.

## GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! 30,000 WATCHES, CHAINS, &c.

WORTH \$150,000,

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for \$1; and at the same time get our Circular containing full list of articles and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the Country.

Six Certificates can be ordered for \$1; thirteen for \$2; thirty-five for \$5; and one hundred for \$12.

Address C. F. SHULTS,  
285 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

**Matrimony.**—Why every man should marry. Why every woman should marry. All may marry to know. Read the Illustrated Marriage Guide and Medical Adviser, by WM. EARLE, M. D., 200 pages. Mailed in sealed envelope on receipt of 25 cents. Address 58 White Street, New York.



We have furnished our Wesson's Rifles as follows:

State of Kentucky.....1,366  
State of Indiana.....760  
General Ripley.....150  
Colonel Collins.....220  
Capt. Buck's Co., Chillicothe, O.  
Col. Grant's " Kansas.  
Capt. Child's " Athens, Ill.  
Capt. Whyback's Co., Rolla, Mo.  
Capt. McGee's " Lexington, Mo.  
Capt. Hunter's " Sedalia, Mo.  
Capt. Olds' " Perryville, Ind.

LEAVENWORTH, Oct. 12, 1862.  
DEAR SIR:—The Rifles (33) were put to a severe test on the 7th, at the State Fair, AND WON A STAND OF COLORS, in a contest against THREE INFANTRY COMPANIES. They were to fire in squads of ten, each man having three shots, and to shoot at the command "Fire." We were OUTNUMBERED TWO HUNDRED shots by the infantry. Distance 300 yards. We hit the target 45 times out of 100 shots. The greatest number of hits by any infantry company was 13. Thus establishing the superiority of the KITTREDGE (Wesson) Gun.

M. S. GRANT, Col. 1st Kansas Cav.  
To MAJOR SHAW, St. Louis, Mo.  
B. KITTREDGE & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

433-44

**Hoyt's Hairwater Hair Restorative.**—Superior to every other preparation for the hair in power to restore color and gray hair to its original color and natural appearance, to prevent it from falling out, to overcome effects of previous use of preparations containing sulphur, sugar of lead, &c., and to remove the impurities and humors of the scalp. Invaluable dressing for whiskers.

HOYT'S MONSIEUR HAIR GLOSS.

HOYT'S IMPERIAL COLORING CREAM.

HOYT'S EXCELSIOR TOILET POWDER.

imparts beauty to the complexion, smoothness to the skin, and preserves youthfulness of appearance. Sold everywhere.

JOSEPH HOYT & CO., 10 University Place.

## AMERICAN CARD COMPANY'S NEW UNION PLAYING CARDS.

National Emblems.



Colonel of Eagles.

The suits are EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS and FLAGS. Colonel in place of King; Goddess of Liberty for Queen; Major for Jack.

The Union Playing Cards are the first and only genuine American Cards ever produced, and as they are entered according to Act of Congress, they are manufactured only by the American Card Company.

These Cards are rapidly taking the place of Cards bearing Foreign emblems. The reason for them is unprecedented in the Card Trade, and they will soon become the Leading Card in the American market.

In playing with these Cards, they are to be called by the name of the emblem represented, and as the emblems are as familiar as household words everywhere among the people of the American Republic, they can be used as readily the first time as Cards bearing Foreign emblems.

The Union Cards are the most pleasing and attractive Card ever made. They are produced in the highest style of the art, and each pack is put up in an elegant Card Case, suitable to keep them in when not in use, and then in handsome down boxes for the trade.

Two Sample Packs, in Card Cases, sent, postpaid, on receipt of \$1. Address

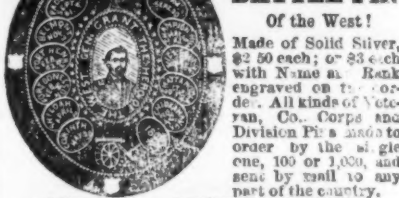
AMERICAN CARD COMPANY.

The Great Money-Making Article.

Everybody needs it. Agents or Soldiers can make \$10 a day. Sample, with particulars, sent free by mail, on receipt of 25 cents. Address

M. H. MARTIN, Hines, N. Y.

## BATTLE PIN



Address DROWN & MOORE,  
Manufacturing Jewellers, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

## Watches FOR THE ARMY.

"Particularly valuable for officers in the army and travellers."—Frank Leslie, Feb. 21.

"Prettiest, best and cheapest timepiece ever offered."—N. Y. Times, dated Jan. 10.

"Splendidly finished Watches, the beauty of which is only equalled by their cheapness."—N. Y. Weekly, July 23.



MAGIC TIME OBSERVERS!

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BRING A RUNNING OR OPEN FACE OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH PATENT SELF-WINDING IMPROVEMENT.

A MOST PLEASING NOVELTY.

One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it, and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being the 16-carat gold. It has the improved ruby-action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, \$304. Sample Watches, in case of half dozen, \$35. By mail the postage is 50 cents; registering, 20 cents.

## Silver Watches

FIRST-CLASS HUNTING TIMEPIECE

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES MOST INSURE

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so flawless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. The material being of two metals, the outer one first quality Sterling Silver, while the inner one is German Silver, it cannot be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of SOLID STERLING SILVER in existence.

The sale of these Watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, retelling, as they very readily do, at \$25 and upwards. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact.

AT WHOLESALE ONLY! In heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, white enamel dial, and fancy cut hands, in good running order, by the half dozen, \$72; postage, \$2.38; registering, 20 cents. Sold only by the case. Can be safely sent by mail.

TERMS, CASH! INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No Agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is at our risk! Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., SOLE IMPORTERS,  
180 Broadway and 2 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

435

## EMPLOYMENT

At your own Homes.

THOUSANDS CAN REALISE A HUNDRED DOLLARS WEEKLY.—No utensils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent.; demand stable as four. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address C. M. VHO BROWN, No. 74 Blocker Street, N. Y. 440-1

Swords, Sashes, Belts.

Wholesale and Retail. Also, Presentation Swords, \$31.50. B. KITTREDGE & CO., Cincinnati, O.

New Catalogue of Jewelry sent free.

Address THOS. CAFFERLY & CO., Providence, R. I.

438-41

Soldiers and Everybody!

A great Book for you! Over 2,000 Things Worth Knowing! Mailed free for 25 cents. Address "UNION BOOK ASSOCIATION," Box 362, Syracuse, N. Y. Agents, order our unequalled Stationery Packages. 440-1



Royal Havana Lottery.

Superior prizes paid for prizes. Information furnished. Highest prize paid for Doubletons and all kinds of Gold and Silver.

Address RAYLOR & CO., Bankers,  
No. 14 Wall Street, N. Y.

**\$85. WATCHES. \$35.**

Genuine Full-Jewelled American Lever Watches, in 4 Ounce Coin Silver Hunting Cases, Gold Joints, for \$35.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be prepaid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,  
206 Broadway, N. Y.



The only enamelled "Turn-over" Collar made in metals. Send \$1 for a "Turn-over" or 75 cents for a "Choker," to Box 5173, and receive it by return mail. AMERICAN ENAMELLED METALLIC COLLAR CO., 94 Pine Street, N. Y.

**Shults' Ointment.**—Warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks or money refunded. Sent, postpaid, for 30 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

**A Beautiful Microscope for 30 Cts.,** MAGNIFYING 500 times, mailed on receipt of price. Five of different powers, \$1. Address F. B. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

**GOLD PENS AND CASES.**

Retailed at wholesale prices. 14 kt. Gold Pen, Solid Silver Case, \$1.50, warranted for one year, guarantee accompanying each Pen. Send for a Circular. Pens re-pointed on receipt of 25 cents. 435-470 E. S. JOHNSON, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

The Celebrated **CRAIG MICROSCOPE**, combining instruction with amusement, is mailed, prepaid, for \$2.25; or with 6 beautiful Mounted Objects for \$3; with 24 Objects, \$5, by

HENRY CRAIG,  
335 Broadway, New York.

Also, he will mail, prepaid, the **Bellvue**, or Perfected **STEREOSCOPE**, with a sliding Focus and Field-Piece, accommodating all eyes, for \$1; with 12 assorted views, \$6. A liberal discount to the trade.

**FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!**

ALL Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Wash. D.C., Fortress Monroe, Harper's Ferry, Newberie, Fort Royal, and all other places, should be sent at half rates, by **HAROLD'S EXPRESS**, 75 Broadway. Soldiers charged low rates. 9000

**J. W. EVERETT & CO.**

Will forward to any address, on receipt of order, PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE of any of the prominent

OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY, STATESMEN, DIVINES, ACTORS, ARTISTS, FOREIGN CELEBRITIES, etc., etc. 20 cents each, \$1.90 per doz. Free by mail. Address J. W. EVERETT & CO., Box 1614, New York city. Send for circular.

**50 FIRST PREMIUMS in 1863****GROVER & BAKER'S**

CELEBRATED ELASTIC SEWING

**Sewing Machines**

Were awarded the Highest Premiums over all competitors at the State Fairs of New York, Vermont, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Oregon, and at every respectable Institute and County Fair held in 1863.

Salesrooms, 495 Broadway, N. Y.

**STAMMERING**

And stammering cured by Hake's Patent Patent's Appliances. For (New Edition of) descriptive Pamphlet and Drawings, address  
H. C. L. MEARS, 277 West 23d St., N. Y.

Munro's 10 Cent Novel, No. 8.

**The Death Face;**

A Tale of the recent Indian troubles in the North-West. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 10 cents. GEORGE MUNRO & CO., 137 William St. N. Y.

**American, Swiss and English Watches** in superior style and quality of cases. Orders from the Trade or Army (large or small) promptly and faithfully attended to. Established 20 years. 0000 E. B. BYNNER, 125 Broadway, N. Y.

**Soldiers!**

On receipt of \$1 we will send, postpaid, a BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM suitable for holding the Photographs of "loved ones at home." They are small (3 1/2 by 4 1/2 inches), can be carried in the pocket at all times, uninjured, and are manufactured by S. BOWLES & CO., of Springfield, Mass., in POCKET BOOK STYLE, Morocco binding, gilt, holding 16 Pictures.

H. H. MARTIN & CO.,  
Greenfield, Mass.



WHAT WE EXPECT TO SEE,  
And what the present Claude Duval or dandy-highwayman style of ladies' dress is likely to lead to.

**FINE WATCH FREE!**

And \$15 Per Day Made Easy,

by selling the GREAT "original and only genuine" RICKARDS' PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, each of which contains "more real valuable articles" than any half-dozen other packages ever sold. Each Package contains Fine Writing Materials, Engravings, Fashion Plates, Fancy Articles, Yankee Notions, Games, Recipes, Many Ways to get Rich, Rich Presents of Fine Jewelry, etc. The whole worth several dollars if bought separate. Price 25 cents Wholesale rates to Agents low. Profits large. Sales immense. Every soldier and every family wants them. Agents wanted in every town and camp. \$15 per day guaranteed, and a splendid Gold or Silver Hunting-case Watch, genuine English movements, perfect timekeeper, PRESENTED FREE TO EACH AGENT. Beware of imitations.

We are the sole manufacturers of the GREAT ORIGINAL RICKARDS' PRIZE PACKAGES. Each of which we have copyrighted according to law. None others are genuine. For an exposure of the swindling operations as practised by other parties, see editorial in New York Tribune of Friday, Feb. 26. Send for our great new Circulars for 1864, containing "extra premium inducements, free." S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau St., N. Y., Original, Largest and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

**Salesman Wanted.**—Salary Paid. Address (with stamp) to Harris Bros., Boston, Mass. 435-470

**Gen. McClellan's Report**

Is published entire in Nos. 26 and 27, for February 20th and 27th, of the

**ARMY AND NAVY JOURNAL.**

The Report is reprinted from the official copy, presented to Congress, in a form convenient for publication, and accompanied by a full index. The two numbers, containing the supplements with the Report, are for sale by all newsdealers, or sent, prepaid, on receipt of the price (40 cents), by  
W. C. CHURCH, Proprietor,  
192 Broadway, N. Y.

**Ivory Jewelry!**

Fine Ivory Brooches.....\$1.50  
Ball Earrings.....\$1.50  
Ivory Initial Sleeve Buttons,  
(new style).....75  
Pearl Initial Button.....\$1.00  
Sent free, on receipt of price. A great variety on hand, at WELLING'S, 207 Centre St., N. Y., Sign of the Golden Elephant.

**Great Chance to Make Money!**

**\$650,000 of Watches, Jewelry, &c.,**  
Given away with our STATIONERY PRIZE PACKETS.

Every AGENT purchasing 100 PACKETS will receive FREE, as a PRESENT from us, a GENUINE SILVER WATCH.

We also publish SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS. \$10 invested will yield \$50. Agents can make more money by engaging in the sale of our PACKETS and ENGRAVINGS than in any other business. For full particulars of the SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS we offer send for our New Circular. G. S. HASKINS & CO.,  
36 Beekman St., N. Y.

**Nervous Diseases and Physical Debility,** arising from Specific causes, in both sexes—new and reliable treatment in Reports of the HOWARD ASSOCIATION—sent in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 South-12th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Use of Tobacco,** in all forms, CURED and PREVENTED. Particulars free. Address  
435-470 CHAS. H. DAY, New Haven, Conn.

**For Veteran, Army Corps, Cavalry and Battle Pins,**

Send to Headquarters,  
S. M. WARD & CO., 208 Broadway.  
(See Notice inside)

**COLLARS**

LOCKWOOD'S CLOTH LINED  
**Paper Collars!**

ALSO,  
LADIES' COLLARS AND CUFFS,  
AT  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
BY

**CHAS. L. LOCKWOOD,**  
No. 675 Broadway, N. Y.

**Soldiers of the Union!!!**  
Read the following Letters received from your comrades as endorsements of the WORLD-KNOWN and WORLD-TRIED REMEDIES known as

**Professor Holloway's Pills and Ointment.**

You will here find unsolicited testimonials received from all parts of the country where our army of occupation is in force.

**See to your Health!**  
All of you have some one interested in your welfare, then do not delay.

**Your Life is Valuable!!**  
Not only to yourselves, but to your fathers and mothers, sisters, wives and brothers. Then, while you may, purchase your health!

FOR 30 CENTS, 70 CENTS OR \$1.10  
Will, when expended in these medicines, bring you down to the greenest and ripest old age.  
The following are genuine letters, on file for inspection at this office, with thousands more.  
80 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT,  
39th Illinois Volunteers,  
FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., November 26, 1863.  
Prof. HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.—Sir:—In closed please find two dollars, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much in need of the above remedies. Address,  
Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, Q.M.,  
39th Illinois Vols.

CAMP, near BRANDY STATION, VA.,  
January 7, 1864.  
Prof. HOLLOWAY.—Dear Sir:—I have heard a great deal of talk about your famous Pills, and as I never was in the need of them until now, I want to try them, as diarrhoea is very prevalent at the present time; send me the worth of the enclosed. Yours truly, &c.,  
JOSEPH WALSH.

Co. E, 5th regt., Excelsior Brigade.

20

Agents Wanted (Male or Female). Address  
HALE & CO., Newburyport, Mass. 0000

0000

0000

0000

0000

0000

0000

0000

0000

0000

0000

0000

0000

0000

0000

0000

**\$7 ARMY WATCH \$7**

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, Double Case, Small Size, Enamelled Dial, Cut Hands, "English Movements," and Correct Time-keeper, sent free, by mail, in neat case, only \$7.  
A SILVER WATCH, same as above, only \$7. Specially adapted to the Army.

**\$15 European Timekeeper. \$15**

A SUPERB "EXTRA DOUBLE GOLD-PLATED" Hunting Case Watch—Magic Spring—Genuine English Jewelled Movements—Independent action—Self Balance—a perfect Timekeeper—"Warranted one year," will stand acid, and is an

Exact Imitation of a \$100 Gold Watch used by the British Army Officers.

Sent free, by mail, in Elegant Morocco Case, for only \$15.

**The Celebrated English Court Watch**

For ladies. "Rich escutcheon designs," ruby movements, extra heavy 18 karat gold-plate, in STERLING SILVER HUNTING CASE. "Will stand all tests." Exact timekeeper, a perfect "Bijou Article." Sent free by mail, in richly embossed Turkey Morocco Case, for only \$18.

ENGLISH STERLING SILVER LEVER WATCHES, engraved Hunting Case, full jeweled movements, massive cases, \$15.  
Real English Duplex Gold Watches, in massive Gold Cases. Fine article, from \$45 to \$100.

Good Watches, for Army use, of all descriptions. We are sole importers of the above styles of Watches. Catalogue of trade prices mailed free.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of Feb. 20 says of the "European Timekeeper," "It is an imitation of the celebrated timekeeper so much in use among the British soldiers in the field." Illustrated News says, "Correct timepieces; equal in appearance to \$100 watches."

Address CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., Importers,  
33 and 40 Aru Street, N. Y.

**WARDS SHIRTS SENT EVERYWHERE BY MAIL OR EXPRESS**

Ready-Made or to Measure, at \$33, \$39, \$45 per doz

SELF-MEASUREMENT FOR SHIRTS.  
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

FRENCH FLANNEL OVERSHIRTS, \$3, \$3.75 and \$1.50 each—all cut one yard long. A single Shirt sent by mail on receipt of the cash and 63 cents postage for each shirt.  
Send the Size of your Neck also.

**STEEL COLLARS**

Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute with a sponge.  
To military men and Travellers they are invaluable. Price \$1 each, sent by post to any part of the Union on receipt of \$1.15.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Union.  
**S. W. H. WARD,**  
No. 387 Broadway, New York.

**To Consumptives!**

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, etc. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.  
Parties wishing the prescription will please address  
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,  
Williamsburg, King's Co., N. Y.

0000

**TOMES, SON & MELVAIN**

6 Maiden Lane, New York,



Dealers in "Fire Arms," "Cutlery," "Sporting Articles," "Fancy Goods," "Perfumery," Soap, Brushes, Meerschaum Pipes, etc., etc.  
Military and Navy Equipments in every variety.  
A large assortment of

**HIGH PRESENTATION SWORDS.**

34-70 C constantly on hand.

**Scurvy and Scrofulous Eruptions**

Will soon cover the bodies of those brave men who are fighting their country's battles. Night air, bad food and drenching rains will make sad havoc with the strongest, therefore let every man supply himself with HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT; it is a certain cure for every kind of skin disease. 30 cents, 70 cents, and \$1.10 per box or pot.

**Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.****Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.**

Portability combined with great power in Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEYMOUR'S Double Optics Library  
0000 609 Broadway, N. Y.

THE COLLEGE OF ST. CATHERINE

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

0000

0000

0000

0000